THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCTOBER 18, 1902 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

The Next Speaker

By Hon. Charles Emory Smith

The Beggars' Club

By I. K. Friedman

The Candid Circus Man

By P. L. Allen

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

VOLUME 175 — PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 18, 1902 — NUMBER 16

THE NEXT SPEAKER

A Survey of the Candidates and a Forecast of Their Chances

By CHARLES EMORY SMITH

Former Postmaster-General

THE withdrawal of Speaker Henderson as a candidate for reëlection to Congress was a bolt from the blue. No sign had presaged it, and no satisfactory explanation accompanied it. So far as the outside world knew, there was no cloud on the political sky of his district. Under such circumstances his sudden declination of a nomination which had been made weeks before, and his refusal to run again before the people whom he had represented and of whom he had been the master spirit for twenty years, startled and stirred the whole country.

The reason he gave for this surprising act added to the general perplexity. He said he found a sentiment among Republicans that he did "not truly represent their views on the tariff question." He added: "Believing this condition to exist, and knowing that I do not agree with many of my people that trusts, to which I have been opposed, can be cured or the people benefited by free trade, in whole or in part, I must decline to accept the nomination."

Here was a statement that, coming from such a source, was more startling than the declination itself. It was a declaration from the Speaker of the House, the second officer of the Government and a lifelong leader of the Republican party, that there was a serious, and inferentially an irreconcilable, breach in the party ranks on the tariff question. It was a further declaration that this division extended to the method of treating and restraining the trusts, the implication being that one segment of the party proposed to strike at the trusts by striking at the tariff on trust-made goods, and that the other segment, which included the Speaker, believed this method disastrous, and proposed to reach the trusts through direct governmental control and regulation.

The significance of such a declaration from such authority was apparent. The opposition had represented that there was a schism in the Republican party and had naturally sought to magnify it. So long as it was only their assertion the Republicans had an answer. But here was a manifesto from the Speaker of the House accrediting and sustaining their assertion. It was calculated to confuse his friends and delight his foes. The surprise was the greater when it was seen that between the views of Speaker Henderson as he himself expounded them, and the views of the other Republican element, as set forth in the Iowa platform, there was no material divergence. His proclamation of a fundamental difference was not warranted by the known facts; other observers could not find the serious heterodoxy among his people from his own standpoint which he discovered; and that was what left the impression that his statement was an explanation which did not explain.

Mr. Henderson's Bluff Personality

It is no part of the purpose of this article to discuss party policies or shades of difference. It deals with the situation which is presented as to the Speakership, and with causes and principles only so far as they are necessary to an understanding as we go along. Whether Speaker Henderson should run for Congress again or not was a question for himself alone, and the rest of us have nothing to do with it except so far as the reasons he gives affect public issues and concern other interests than his own. If we do not see sufficient warrant or explanation in his exaggerated view of a largely imaginary difference, we can find it in some of the traits of his strong and rugged personality.

Independent of his position Speaker Henderson is one of the most interesting and forceful figures in public life. He has striking individuality and tremendous vigor and vitality. He possesses the fighting quality in marked degree and this fact made his retirement the more inexplicable. If there was a struggle on hand his pugnacity would naturally have impelled him to fight it out to a finish. As Speaker he is resolute, tenacious, and inclined to have his own way. He is strenuous for the full prerogatives of his office. But with his determined force are blended the qualities of hearty friendship and good fellowship which make him universally popular. He is frank, open, bluff and sincere. While insistent on all that is due his position, he has no affectations. He has been known to put spirit into a listless meeting by interrupting a speech with the enkindling notes of a patriotic song. He is the life of a dinner-party and will carry on a monologue of rollicking, exuberant jollity for an indefinite period.

With his free, generous, ardent nature he is also impulsive and vehement. He is as quick to resent an offense as he is to recognize a service, and it is quite likely that in the hasty manifestation of this vigorous and explosive self-assertion may be found the secret of the sudden act which is otherwise difficult to understand. He will be missed from the arena in which he has so long been a conspicuous and militant figure. His power in debate is not so much that of broad and dispassionate discussion as that of rallying the forces for the final charge. He is a Prince Rupert of political controversy. In the Speaker's chair he has been a barrier against profligate legislation, and an important factor in the great policies of the last four years.

The Speaker's Vast Power

His retirement opens a keen contest for the succession. The Speakership is the commanding place in the legislative branch of the Government. The House is declining in power as compared with the Senate, but the Speaker is gaining power in the House. The Senate as a body overmatches the House as a body, but no Senator can match the Speaker in authority or potency. The power of the Senate is divided among the members; the power of the House is concentrated in the Speaker. It is an exaggeration, but not much of an exaggeration, to say that the Speaker is the House. He is not only the organ of the body over which he presides, but he is its master and controller. Under the rules he holds its sceptre and largely directs its action.

He makes all the committees, and so exercises an overshadowing influence in shaping legislation. He is himself the dominating member of the small Committee on Rules which directs the order of business, and so he practically determines what measures shall get before the House. He decides who shall be recognized among the dozen members that may be on their feet crying "Mr. Speaker," and if his eyes choose to be blind in any direction the luckless aspirant has little chance. There have been instances where a Speaker has failed throughout a whole long session to see a particular member who was known to purpose making a particular motion—that is, failed to see him at any time when the motion would have been in order.

With all these various powers the Speaker holds the reins of the House in his hands and guides it very much at will. Of course, he must be in sympathy with the majority who create him, and must in the main be a fair interpreter of their purpose; but he has sometimes stood fast against a universal sentiment on some special measure, and in general his rule is a mild and benevolent autocracy. It is a great office and may well tempt the ambition of any man.

The choice of the new Speaker is partly a question of locality and partly a question of persons. A recognized rule in the code of American politics is the distribution of honors. Other things being equal they are expected to be divided among different sections. A great dominating personality, like Mr. Blaine or Mr. Reed, will override all local lines, but in the ordinary course of affairs the sentiment of division is potent. The East has the President and the West will claim the Speaker. The West combined and won with Colonel Henderson, and it will seek to make his successor.

But there will be Eastern candidates with strong claims and earnest friends. There is no one overmastering figure in the House to whom all thought turns as the obvious and inevitable choice, and at the outset the canvass is likely to embrace several members of experience and ability. Until the New York delegation decide where to cast their lot in the end they will probably support Sereno E. Payne, the present chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Mr. James S. Sherman may naturally aspire to the Speakership. He is an expert parliamentarian and, often called to the chair, has shown himself an admirable presiding officer. If that were the only thought no choice could be better; but even as the rallying point of the State, without any expectation of success, the ranking member would hardly be superseded for the titular leadership, and Mr. Payne will doubtless be the New York candidate.

New York and Pennsylvania Candidates

Mr. Payne is a sturdy, judicious, straightforward Representative. Without being brilliant he is solid and reliable. He has sound judgment, practical sense, long experience and upright purpose. As floor leader of the House by virtue of his chairmanship of the foremost committee, he is safe and conservative. He is more weighty than showy, and has the respect and confidence of his associates. But the locality argument is accentuated in his case. The Speaker will hardly be taken from the same State as the President, and Mr. Payne will doubtless remain at the head of the Ways and Means.

If Pennsylvania would unite earnestly upon one of her members, he could make a strong contest. Three members might be considered. General Bingham is "the Father of the House," the Representative of longest continuous service, and he is ready, skillful and familiar with all the ways of legislation. But he has announced that he will not seek the Speakership. Mr. Olmsted, of the Harrisburg district, has gained a prominent standing in a comparatively short service. He has a fine legal mind, an incisive wit and strength in debate. But he has not been long enough in the House yet to place him in the front rank of eligibles for the chair.

There remains John Dalzell. His position in the House, his ability and his fitness all combine to entitle him to high consideration. No man will be named for Speaker who would more thoroughly grace the office. He is an accomplished presiding officer; he is master of the intricacies of the rules; he has poise, clearness of judgment and quickness of decision; he is fair, equable, trained and alert; he assembles in an unusual degree the qualifications for the place. The controlling political forces of Pennsylvania have not been altogether in sympathy with Mr. Dalzell; but the conditions this year have permitted their full coöperation, and if they could be brought to unite in supporting him his candidacy would become formidable.

Mr. Littlefield, of Maine, was promptly in the field after Colonel Henderson's withdrawal. He is never laggard. Full of intellectual and physical energy, he is intense in his activity and eager in his honorable ambition. He is a very Boanerges of the political realm, with strong mind, strong will, strong lungs and strong self-assertion. His first speech in the House challenged the attention of the country. In two terms of service he has put himself in the front rank, not of leaders, but of conspicuous figures. He is too independent and irregular to be a leader. He is not capricious, but he is not periodic and cyclical in his orbit. He shot off on his own tangent on the Porto Rican question, and has shown the same tendency to aberration in some other matters. He is a very dynamo of power and can be highly useful, but the electrical energy which makes him fly the track with meteoric dash will

militate against his elevation to a place which requires so much balance and stability, and on which so much depends. Besides, Maine recently had a Reed.

If General Grosvenor, of Ohio, were not so much better fitted to shine on the floor he might be considered for the chair. But his talents and temperament are preëminently for debate. He is created by nature for the fighting arena. His fertile resource, his ready logic, his mordant sarcasm, his leonine courage make him a terror to his opponents in the contests of the House. But the qualities which give him his strength are so much more suited to the battles of the floor than to the impartial atmosphere of the gavel, and he is so much more needed there that there will be no thought of taking him away. Mr. Burton is the one other member of the Ohio delegation who has been suggested. He is a courteous, dignified and able gentleman who possesses the esteem of the House, and who has made a good record.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon Has the Best Chance

The prevailing impression is that the West will concentrate on Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, and that the mantle of Colonel Henderson will fall on him. If such a union can be effected it will win the prize. There is apparently no other member with whom there is a chance of such a Western combination. Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, is the best and most powerful offhand debater of the House, but he has no special aptitude or ambition to preside, and Iowa will not furnish two Speakers in succession. Mr. Babcock, of Wisconsin, played fast and loose with the iron and steel schedule, and, if there were no other obstacle, this would be fatal to him. Indiana, Michigan and Minnesota have strong delegations but no Speakership timber at present. The selection of Mr. Hopkins as the candidate for the Senate removes Mr. Cannon's only rival from Illinois, and a survey of the field indicates that if there is to be a Western concentration it must be on him.

Mr. Cannon is an original, unique and picturesque figure. There is no other member of the House like him—hardly any other man now in public life of just the same type. He has little regard for the conventionalities and would never make a polished and model presiding officer in the exterior graces. The freedom from accepted codes which he displays in the committee-room he would not, indeed, carry into the chair, and, while the stateliness of a Blaine or a Carlisle would be missed, there would be no eccentricity or gaucherie. He even approaches courtliness at times in his contrasts, like Andrew Jackson. As there is often a real touch of sentiment in his plainness of speech, so there is sometimes a real flavor of high-bred decorum in his plainness of manner.

But if he is not a Chesterfield in his blandishments, he is a very Titan in his rugged force. He has robust strength and inflexible honesty. As chairman of the Committee on Appropriations he has been the terror of jobbers and the enemy of extravagance. There is no member of the House whose words command more attention or exercise more influence. He does not speak often, and never except when he has something to say, but then he speaks with a directness, pungency and aptness which challenge respect and carry conviction. He uses plain Saxon words, homely illustrations and scriptural phrases, and sometimes convulses the House with his quaint humor. He has no oratory or eloquence, but once in a while on fit occasion he has a vein of pathos which touches the heart.

Mr. Cannon is a forceful personality with strong convictions and resolute will. Colonel Henderson is positive in his ideas, but, approached in the right way, he is amiable and complaisant. Mr. Cannon is equally positive, and hardly as amiable and plastic. His long battle with all the influences that are arrayed to break down the barriers against inroads on the treasury has left him determined and stubborn. Supplementing the bent of a strong nature it has made him self-reliant and assertive. He would vigorously enforce the powers and prerogatives of the chair. If the Speaker holds the reins of the House, they would not be lax in the hands of Mr. Cannon. His long service and his personal qualities render him a potent factor in legislation, and with the power of the Speakership he would make a still stronger impress.

If the House Should Go Democratic

Personality, locality and fitness will have much to do with the selection, but not all. Dexterity of management and combination will be an element. There are other officers of the House to be considered and adjusted in the distribution. There are powerful chairmanships to be played for by States and by individuals. The game is one of high politics in various senses—influence upon party policies and tendencies, bearing upon the status of conspicuous and pivotal members, relation to the grouping of States and of large delegations—and all of these multiplied considerations will be handled with skill by contending managers. When Mr. Reed's successor was to be chosen a number of candidacies were announced, but Colonel Henderson's combination swiftly mastered the field and the other cards rapidly tumbled one after the other. It may be so again, and it may not.

It has been assumed that the new Speaker, like the present, will be a Republican. This is generally taken for granted and it rests on every probability. There is every reason to believe that the Republicans will maintain their control of the House. Should this expectation fail and the Democrats, by some surprising turn, secure a majority it will change the whole face of the contest. Mr. Richardson, the present minority leader, would claim his reward, but he has lost ground, and would have formidable competitors. Mr. Williams, of Mississippi, and Mr. De Armond, of Missouri, would divide the forces of a suddenly jubilant party. Both are brilliant debaters, and it is reasonably clear that both will continue to enjoy and adorn the floor.

The Candid Circus Man

By Philip L. Allen

THE MAN WHO TRIED TO RUN THE SHOW —AND THE CIRCUS HE HAD WITH UNCLE EPHRAIM'S LEGACY—THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE STRICTLY TRUTHFUL

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"BUT you don't know how to run a circus," ventured Alice.

"On the contrary," I said, "I know more about circuses than I do about anything else on earth."

That was the literal truth. Ever since the time when, big-eyed and bewildered, I had first passed between the canvas flaps and smelled the smells of the ring, I had missed but two circuses—one when I broke my leg, and the other on my wedding-day. Even my attentions to the opposite sex took the form of invitations to the circus. In fact, it was Alice's unaffected admiration on one of these occasions for the world-renowned Torquato brothers that first convinced me of the close and subtle sympathy that existed between us. When I was not actually visiting circuses I was thinking about them. So now, though to the outer world I was but the respectable and fairly prosperous proprietor of a sash, door and blind factory, my soul was the soul of a circus man, and a circus man of definite and original ideas. At least, I thought so.

Certainly it had seemed Fate and not the postman that brought to one and the same breakfast-table the Cincinnati lawyer's letter telling me of Uncle Ephraim's legacy, and the newspaper containing a notice that the sheriff of Abnarie County would expose for sale at public auction on the eighteenth day of December "the livestock, rolling-stock, tents, and other effects belonging to Walker's Combination Shows." I had attended this circus annually for seven years. I read the letter and the notice alternately until breakfast was over, slipped them into my pocket and re-read them whenever I had a chance at the office, dreamed of circuses all night long, and in the morning announced to Alice that I had determined to buy Walker's Combination Shows.

"The circus that I have the running of," I said, "will be exactly what it pretends to be. It's an absurd superstition that people want lies in the circus business. Suppose a milliner advertised the finest hats on earth and sent out colored pictures of all sorts of Paris creations, but made you pay your money in advance and finally gave you the style of two years ago with one side stove in and a moth-eaten feather. You wouldn't go to that shop more than once, would you? Yet that isn't a bit more absurd or a bit more outrageous than for every six-for-a-dime circus to call itself the greatest show on earth, and put up pictures of ladies who can fly eighty-one feet through the air and the hippopotamus whose mouth runs back eighteen inches behind his front legs, and sweats blood and is the only one of his kind in captivity." I had to stop here for I was out of breath. Alice only sighed.

"There's no use arguing," I added, "because, you see, I've made up my mind, and we've got to invest uncle's money somehow."

No one but a hardened press agent could possibly have called Walker's Combination Shows the greatest on earth. It was a very good one-ring circus, and I bought it outright for thirty-eight thousand dollars. I never knew much about the details, but everybody said I had a bargain.

My first official act as proprietor was to send for the former manager of the show, a slim young man named Birney who wore a red waistcoat and smoked cigarettes incessantly. To him I unfolded my plans as succinctly as I could, and paused for a reply. It was a long time in coming. At length he asked me if I had ever heard the story of old Seltzer Harrington and the peanut man. I was compelled to admit that I had not.

"Well," he began, "Seltzer Harrington was in our business for a good many years. The boys called him Seltzer because he was always so bubbly and lively-like. He used to do a tumbling turn, but one spring he broke his leg and had to quit for a while. So he went into the country. It was lonesome there, and dull, of course, and he was longin' for a change when an old party come along with a covered wagon and stopped over a day in the village, sellin' peanuts and lemonade. Nobody seemed in much of a hurry to buy, and the old feller in the cart didn't take in mor'n enough to pay for his supper. Seltzer got to talkin' with the old man, and found that the outfit was all he had in the world, and him all broke up because business was such a fizzle. Well, Seltzer he had a good heart, and was bored to death besides, so what does he do but ask the old man what he'll take for the business, good will and peanuts and all. He says a hundred dollars and gets it.

"Seltzer figured around a while and then he took all the little short peanuts that hadn't only one kernel in; and then he bought a package of dyes and he stained every peanut the brightest kind of blue. He put 'em up in little pasteboard boxes, six in a box, and then hung out a big sign on the wagon:

GENUINE SENEGAMBIAN PLARKUM NUTS
Just as they are sold on Fifth Avenue, New York.
Ten Cents a Box.

"Well, sir, you wouldn't believe me if I told you how much Seltzer cleared that summer selling Plarkum nuts to the Rubes at six for a dime that they wouldn't buy at five cents a quart when they knew 'em as peanuts."

"Is that a true story?" I asked.

"Well, I didn't know the man myself," was Birney's cheerful reply, "but I guess you get my idea. The people like the old-style circus ads., and they've got used to counting off about so much for exaggeration. If you don't start your talk pretty high it'll fall down before it reaches the crowd at all. See? Remember, we aren't showin' on Broadway."

"What was your salary last year?" I asked. He told me.

"If I raise you five hundred, will you see what you can do with my plan?"

"Sure," he said. "You're the doctor, Mr. Hopkins."

Birney seemed to know everybody who had ever been connected with a circus, and I gave him free rein in selecting the performers and arranging our dates, while I turned my attention to the advertising. I sent out a notice, first of all, summoning all the members of the company to headquarters—on a Sunday afternoon, for I knew that many of them were fulfilling vaudeville engagements and could come at no other time. Then I went to the office of the lithographers who had done the show's printing in former years. There I was referred to Mr. Judson, a sad-looking, thick-set man with a drooping mustache and a wandering eye. "I called," I began, "to see if you can send a photographer to take some pictures for me Sunday afternoon, the twenty-eighth. I have just bought Walker's Combination Shows, and I want to get my posters ready."

"It's not at all necessary, Mr.—Mr. Hopkins," he said, glancing at my card. "Just write out what you've got. We can have the posters ready in plenty of time." He was extremely polite, but he talked exactly as though I were a child and he a kind, elder brother trying to explain that, after all, macaroni is not made from twigs of the breadfruit tree, but constructed in factories.

"Perhaps it's not usual," I said, "but I want mine done that way whether it's usual or not."

"We haven't any photographer," said Mr. Judson, as if that put an end to the negotiations. "You see, our business isn't done that way at all."

"There are other houses that could get me photographers," I suggested.

"Oh, we can get one. We can get one," he said. "But really, Mr. Hopkins, you'll do better to leave it to us. You see a photograph never——"

So I left him, still trying to explain why it was that a circus tent was bound to look smaller in a photograph than in a drawing.

Never have I seen a more disgusted gathering than assembled on my training-ground the next Sunday. The ladies fussed and fidgeted, the men swore to each other, and all watched me curiously, as though I were some strange animal. Yet I was inflexible. Through all the important parts of the performance they went over and over again for the benefit of Alice, myself, the next-door neighbor's little boy and three photographers, one from the poster man and two of my own hiring. It was a sight for the gods to see Jimmy Davison (Cestini he was on the program) turning somersaults back and forth on the backs of two patient, bewildered horses, while the three knights of the tripod trotted along behind.

We barely staved off a fight between Jimmy and the tallest photographer when the cavalcade reached the end of the lot, but we kept up the performance until sundown. I verily believe that the company would have handed in their resignations in a body if it had not been for the hot supper at the hotel I ordered up afterward.

We had a hundred and sixty-eight negatives in all, not counting half a thousand spoiled ones. Some of them were hopelessly ineffective. I had never realized before how close the hoop is to the horse's back when the equestrienne jumps through it, nor how near together are the flying trapezes when the gentleman in the spangled trunks swings across. Still, a few were uncommonly good. Even Jimmy Davison looked pleased when I showed him his own likeness upside down in the air half-way between the two prancing steeds. The performing geese, our especial pride, had posed like the professionals they were, and made as whimsically solemn a group as any one could ask for. Across the bottom of each picture flaming letters (for I did not draw the line at flaming letters) were to announce, "THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU WILL SEE IF YOU GO TO WALKER'S COMBINATION SHOWS (REORGANIZED)." I thought that word "reorganized" a particularly convincing touch.

Next I wrote a smaller handbill. A faded copy of it lies before me now. This was part of it:

WALKER'S COMBINATION SHOWS (REORGANIZED).
This is not the Greatest Show on Earth,
but
It is a Mighty Good Circus.
Its Tents are not the Largest Ever Constructed,
but
There will be plenty of room for you all.
We have
2 Trained Elephants. (We do not call each one a herd.)
Clowns that will really make you Laugh.
A Troupe of Trained Geese, a thing you have probably never seen before.
Acrobats who revive some of the lost arts of the Circus Ring.

In short, it is the Old-Fashioned, Wholesome, Satisfactory One-ring Circus, brought up to date and made just as good as care and money can make it.
Don't pay double prices and get cross-eyed trying to watch a three-ring lodge-podge, but patronize
WALKER'S COMBINATION SHOWS (REORGANIZED).

This, it seemed to me, was just the sort of plain talk that should appeal to the average, sensible circus-goer. Numerous violations of the most elementary rules of advertising have since been pointed out to me. I know now, for instance, that I should not have admitted the possibility of there being a square inch of unoccupied space in the tent, and that I should not have put my negatives first, but I did not know it then.

We gave our initial performance on April 6 at a neighboring college town. Alice and I drove over in the morning. Just to go past the billboards was an intoxication, and a delightful little thrill went up and down my spine whenever I saw one of my handbills on a doorstep or in an ash-barrel. There was some sort of a class celebration in progress, and two or three hundred students marched to the circus in a body and cheered the performance as systematically as if it had been a football game. That, I thought, augured well for our success.

"Forty kids, twenty-four yaps, one hundred ten deadheads." This was Birney's first day's report after he took the show on the road. Three days later his dispatch was, "No report fit to read from this hole in ground." I had to face the situation. My circus had failed, and Uncle Ephraim's money was disappearing as quickly as the haystack I had once seen my two elephants attack. Then came the typhoid fever. Worry, I suppose, had made me an easy victim. I began to see circuses, more of them, and better ones than I had ever imagined in my life. I do not remember anything else until the day when I sat up in bed clutching a yellow bundle of telegrams.

The first fourteen kept up the doleful strain. The fifteenth made me rub my eyes. "Rushing business," it said. And others repeated it, again and again. "Heavy rain, some empty seats," and "Polar bear dead; sold remains to local museum," came as a positive relief. They showed me I was not still in delirium.

If our first visit to the circus had been a triumph, we planned to make our second, when it passed through the next county, an imperial entry. The complete vindication of my theories about circuses, in the face of all discouragements, had filled me with a very justifiable pride, but when we left the train and started toward the tents that loomed up like clouds half a mile away I had a shock. Across the street a gaudy colored poster caught my eye and astonished me, for mine was the only circus in town and I knew we had no pictures like that.

At the extreme left was a bird's-eye view of a menagerie that stretched back, apparently, for miles, in unbroken lines of cages, with three rhinoceri and a half-acre of elephants disporting themselves in the foreground. I saw the names "Cyanocephalus" and "Bovalapus." In the next section a Mexican, an Arab, a Cossack, and a gentleman in blue tights were smoking cigarettes, turning handsprings and doing other calm things on the backs of wild black horses. Next came an elephant walking a tight rope and a number of roosters playing on cornets and trombones. In the right-hand section was a picture of a chariot race, and underneath it I caught some allusion to the sports and pastimes of Imperial Rome. And above the hideous display was the name "Walker's Combination Shows." Something more was written under it and I nerved myself to read, "Now Combined for the First Time With Hopkins' Hippotheatron, the Whole Comprising Without Doubt the Greatest Show Ever Seen Under Canvas." Alice was left to her own devices. Weak as I was, I sprinted to the big tent in a way that made the small boys cheer. "I'm Mr. Hopkins, the owner of the show," I managed to gasp to the first attendant I saw. "Find Mr. Birney and send him here."

We had tried long and hard to invent a kind of side show which should be at once interesting and honest, and, failing, had cut out side shows altogether. Yet now I saw before me a row of oil paintings twenty feet high, and a man in a little box explaining them to a knot of rustics.

He had a voice that seemed to be entirely automatic, and it jolted along from one topic to another without a break, while his outstretched hand moved from picture to picture around the half-circle like the second hand of a clock. He stopped for a moment at the two-headed Halicora or mermaid, captured alive by Uncle Sam's sailors in Manila Bay. Then he went on: "Professor Farini, the incomparable illusionist, is exhibiting his marvelous tableau representing the Satanic Majesty or the King of Hades [he pronounced it to rhyme with "shades"] making an effort to secure a pitcher of Milwaukee lager beer. He is not very successful, as you will see, for somebody or something intervenes and brings it to the bottom."

The outstretched hand disappeared for a moment behind the little pulpit and came up again holding an enormous fork on which were impaled about three pounds of flabby raw beef.

"This is the wild man's supper——" was all I heard, for Birney tapped me on the shoulder. "What's this foolishness?" I almost screamed.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" he shouted, and fumbling in his pocket produced an old telegram. My hand trembled more than ever as I read:

Mr. Hopkins taken very ill. Run circus to suit yourself. *Alice T. Hopkins.*

Alice had disappeared. "Come inside," said Birney, soothingly. "The circus is as good as ever, but what was the use, if nobody came to it?"

At Christmas I gave Birney a half-interest in Walker's Combination Shows and Hopkins' Hippotheatron. They keep us both more than prosperous. He travels with the show. I give most of my time to the sash, door and blind factory.

Between Kant and Cant

A STORY of the new British Premier, A. J. Balfour, is told at the British Embassy at Washington.

In his University course Mr. Balfour made a specialty of moral science. Even throughout his political career philosophy has been one of his diversions.

During his political novitiate one of his former chums at Cambridge met him and said: "I dare say you're finding some difference between philosophy and politics?"

"All the difference between Kant and cant," retorted the future Premier.

NEVER HAVE I SEEN A MORE DISGUSTED GATHERING

THE BEGGARS' CLUB

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

AUTHOR OF BY BREAD ALONE, ETC.

I—A Word to Non-Members

MEETING THE FIRST—IN WHICH BLIND BILL AND HUNGRY HENRY PROVE THAT IT'S ILL-TRYING TO BEAT A MAN AT HIS OWN GAME

THE Beggars' Club does not lay any particular stress on wealth as a requisite for membership, as the astute reader may have guessed without the reading of a line; but he may not have conjectured that the club was organized for social purposes only by men of wit, or, to be more exact, by men who live by their wits; for while the two may be often found together they are more often far apart.

The Beggars' Club is just what the name signifies, a club for those who live to beg and who beg to live. Some twenty-and-five beggars were wont to meet by chance at irregular intervals in McQuinn's "barrel-house."

A composite photograph of the club might be interesting, and no doubt a valuable adjunct to the orthopædist's collection. It would show a man with one leg and a quarter, one arm and three-quarters, one eye and a fraction; his body would be as twisted as a contortionist's, and his face would be a puzzle that could be solved only by taking it apart and putting the parts together in every possible combination. The clothes of this composite man would simply be a rag that had a trick of clinging together.

Perhaps you would like to attend one of their meetings to listen to the telling of a few of their stories by which they drive dull care to death and warm the cockles of chill penury? If you decide upon going I can assure you in advance a hearty welcome to their humble board. There you may find the bread you have cast upon the water and there you may be paid back in your own coin. I can offer no other inducements, but if these prove sufficient I stand ready to secure you an entrée into the Beggars' Club.

Sam the Scribe, Man of Letters

Sam the Scribe was the first to find his way into McQuinn's on Monday night, which, were he not usually last, would not be a fact worthy of chronicling. The Scribe is not a very good club member; he is usually surly, uncommunicative, and not over-companionable, but then, being the only literary member of the club—the others, without exception, being engaged in commercial pursuits—he is allowed privileges.

Sam is a man of letters, and if a beggar ever hands you a mendicant epistle—one half sheet of note reeking with woe and thumb marks—you may be sure that Sam is the author. Were he an ambitious man, with the itch for fame, he would long ago have composed "The Beggars' Handy Letter-Writer—No Beggar Should be Without One."

Nevertheless, Sam's letters are written in accordance with a set price rather than with a set form. For five cents he will write you a letter setting forth the discomfort of being lame; for ten cents he will expatiate upon the misfortune of blindness; for one which details the misfortune of blindness and the discomfort of lameness he demands fifteen cents. You can readily enough see how the combination can be varied and how Samuel avoids doing a strictly one-priced business.

Blind Bill was the second to enter; on seeing the man of letters a smile lit up his haggard face.

"Yer just the man I'm after," remarked Bill.

"Why?" grumbled Sam.

"I wants yer to write me a lame letter; I'm tired of bein' blind. I wants a lame one this time."

"I don't want to be bothered with business here. Can't a fellow find amusement in this club?"

Bill insisted; he even offered an extra nickel as a compensation for bringing business into the pleasure hours of this brain-worker. Sam was holding out for the extra compensation, and he borrowed a pen and ink from McQuinn and started to dash off an essay on the inconvenience of being lame.

He had barely finished his task when Lame Tom fairly ran into the room and shouted:

"Glad yer here. Yer de very man I wants." Even the Beggars' Club can afford a lion.

"Well, and what do you want?"

"I wants a blind letter. I'm tired of bein' lame," responded Tom.

Blind Bill saw an opportunity to turn a dishonest penny.

"See here!" he exclaimed, "ef yer'd been here a minute ago we could have changed our letters. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll sell you meh blind letter for half price."

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of three papers which will appear at brief intervals.

Sam protested. In his eyes this was tantamount to an infringement on copyright; but the trade was consummated before the Scribe had found time to finish the wording of his protest. He changed his tactics, being a wily man, and, ceasing to appeal to Tom's sense of honor, appealed to his sense of cupidity.

"Tom," questioned he, "you can't read; how do you know that the letter is genuine? He may be sticking you with a petition for work for all you know about it."

"I'll take Bill's word for it," answered Tom; "I was wid him yesterday when he sprung de letter on a cove an' got a dime."

Sam was about to resign himself to his loss and make the worst out of it when his fertile mind hit upon still another resource.

"Bill," said he, turning to face the newly-made lame man, "I played a trick on you in the letter. I wrote that you are a fraud and a liar."

"De truth never hurts no one," retorted the other philosophically. "'Sides, I'll run my chances fer a nickel."

The Scribe became wroth. "I'll get even with you fellows," he shouted. And he did get even with them; those letters were exchanged surreptitiously that same evening, and I shall tell you later what came of it.

"Ef you're going to be lame," argued Tom with Bill, not heeding the Scribe's wrath, "yer'll need a wooden leg, an' I'll sell you mine cheap."

The cunning Bill, who even in his blindness had preserved an eye for business, shook his head. "Yer don't need no peg ter be lame wid."

"Yes, but it goes better dat way," cajoled Thomas; "people kind ef feel sorry fer de wooden leg."

"Oh, I'll work it," yawned Bill. "'Sides, de Scribe put in a line about me getting a collection fer to buy a wooden peg. I heard him read it aloud when he was writin' it."

"I WANTS YER TO WRITE ME A LAME LETTER; I'M TIRED OF BEIN' BLIND"

"All right," replied the erstwhile lame man, as if totally unconcerned, "I'll keep on bein' lame an' I'll work yer beat."

It was high time for the novice in "pegging" to become apprehensive.

"Come now," queried he, "what will yer take fer the peg?"

"I ain't a-goin' to sell it." And Tom shook his head.

"Goin' ter give it to a hospital, I suppose," observed Bill sarcastically.

Tom did not see fit to heed his friend's sarcasm, asserting, "I wouldn't sell it, but I'll rent it; fer de blind game mightn't go an' den I wants de leg back ag'in. I'll let yer have it fer dree cents a week; dree weeks an' one-quarter payable in advance."

"Done!" cried the other.

Tom proceeded to unwrap a roll of dirty paper linen, and to undo two straps that held the peg to the upper half of his leg.

Bill put on his newly acquired property and began to hobble up and down the room with all the pride of a boy who mounts stilts for the first time.

"I'M PROUD TER SAY FER ONCET IN MEH LIFE I HAD ENUF TER EAT"

"Dere's some fun in dis," he shouted.

"You'll see more fun yet before you get through with it," muttered the Scribe, who had been sitting moodily in a corner.

By this time the other members of the club had filed in and taken their seats around the table.

Hungry Henry drew out a loaf of bread and a ham and started to make sandwiches for the crowd. This was an unusual and unexpected proceeding, and the members looked at him inquiringly.

Henry saw that an explanation was required and he did not hesitate to give it.

Hungry Henry's Touching Tale

"Gents," began Henry, "yer needn't be afraid ter eat dis bread 'cause I come by it honestly, an' don't let yer appetites be spoiled fer fear dat yer robbin' me. I'm proud ter say fer oncet in meh life I had enuf ter eat. I meets a cove terday an' I springs de old dodge on ter him.

"'Mister,' says I, 'do yer mind helpin' a man what's starvin' to de price ef a meal?'

"De cove smiles an' he says, like all de coves says, 'Why don't yer work?'

"'Well,' says I, 'I worked in a rollin' mill, an' de mill shut down last week, an' I ain't been able fer ter find nothin' ter do, an' I ain't eat a bite since den.'

"'Yer must be hungry,' says he wid a grin.

"'Hungry,' says I; 'I'm a-dyin' ter eat.'

"'Well,' says he, 'we'll see what we kin do'; an' he pulls out a handful of shiners dat would make yer eyes water.

"He fishes out a quarter an' I puts meh hand out. Den he puts de quarter back, an' I swears ter myself. Den he fishes out a half, an' I puts out both meh hands. Den he puts de half back, an' I swears aloud; an' he laughs.

"'If yer hungry,' says he, 'come wid meh an' I'll get yer a meal!'

"Gents, I was hungry in dead earnest; but seein' de cove had fun wid meh I t'ought I'd have fun wid de cove, an' I hangs back.

"'Come on,' says he; 'I t'ought yer was hungry?'

"'I am,' says I, 'but I don't like ter eat in de places where yer goes. Give meh de dime an' let meh go where I wants!'

"'Not much,' says he; 'I knowed yer was a-playin' off!'

"Well, de cove takes meh ter a saloon, an' he says ter de barkeep, 'Dis boy is hungry; he's a-starvin' an' he wants a san'wich!'

"He grins, an' de guy behin' de bar grins. I was a-grinnin' too, fer I didn't want de guy ter think dat I wasn't on ter him. But in meh stomach I feels queer an' meh mouth waters; fer I was hungry enuf ter cry an' no joke, an' yous fellers knows dat when I'm hungry, I'm hungry.

"'Den,' says I ter de cove, unhitchin' two buttons, 'I gets all I wants or I don't eat, eh?'

"'Sure thing,' says de cove.

"De guy cuts two bricks of bread, an' he puts a trowelful of ham atween. It being double size the cove puts down two dimes, an' de guy grins an' de cove laughs.

"De san'wich goes down quicker en de two dimes. An' I says ter de guy, 'I wants a san'wich next time; yer ain't a-feedin' a mouse er a canary bird!'

"An' fer half an hour I keeps de guy a-cuttin' an' de cove a-payin', an' meh jus' beginnin' ter feel dat food had crossed meh hungry lips!

"'Yer cost meh fifty cents already,' says de cove; 'ain't yer ever goin' ter quit?'

"'Don't talk quit,' says I; 'I ain't begun; I'm just workin' up an appetite. When a man ain't eat nothin' fer a week a man's hungry!'

"'It looks as ef yer ain't eat nothin' fer a year,' says de guy, his mouth wide open an' his eyes out, es ef I was a freak, which I ain't.

"'It may be a year,' puts in I, ''fore I strikes dis snap ag'in! I'm layin' in a serply. Now, please don't bother meh, an' leave meh give meh attention ter eatin'.'

"'It's one dollar,' pipes de cove when de guy was a-layin' de foundation fer de sixth; 'ain't yer afeard ef indigestion?'"

"'No,' I says, 'I ain't had dat complaint since de time when I eat fer two weeks widout takin' time fer sleep!'

"'Say,' says de guy, layin' down his knife an' rubbin' his arm, 'yer ought ter get some un ter feed yer by de hour!'

"I gives him one look, an' I says, 'Ef I did, I'd git some un ter do de feedin' as knows how ter make a san'wich; yer ain't a-cuttin' fer a invalid.'

"Den I takes de knife from de guy an' I makes a san'wich as was a san'wich.

"'Dat'll cost yer thirty cents,' says de guy to de cove.

"De cove turns pale. 'How much 'ill yer take ter quit?' axes he.

"'I'll calkerlate,' says I, 'an' I'll let yer know in half an hour.'

"'Yer ain't a lightnin' calkerlator,' says he.

"'No, not when I'm eatin',' answers I.

"'I can't stay here all de night,' says de cove; 'I must catch a train.'

"'All right,' says I, 'I'll eat a bit quicker.'

"'Yes, we close at twelve sharp,' says de guy.

"'It's only nine now,' smiles I; 'I'll be through by dat time.'

"'I'm glad ter hear dat,' says de cove. Den he says ter de guy: 'Yer gives dis feller two loaves ef bread an' a ham, an' let him take it home. An' de next time I meets yer,' says he ter meh, 'I'll give yer a dime widout axin' ef yer hungry.'

"'An' de next time a gentleman axes yer fer de price ef a meal,' says I, 'yer wants ter take his word fer it, an' not believe dat he's a liar 'cause he's poor!'

"I takes meh ham an' bread an' I walks away, an' de cove calls out an' he says:

"'I wants yer name; I wants ter know yer when we meets ag'in.'

"'Hungry Henry,' answers I.

"'Yer name must have been born wid yer,' says he."

Before the laughter evoked by Hungry Henry's story had died away, Blind Bill arose to his feet and, as if moved by an overwhelming impulse of generosity, shouted, "Gents, I'll treat!"

Bill's liberality was greeted with a general look of disappointment, for the restricting clause, "That is, if McQuinn will trust me," usually followed his liberal proposal. Now McQuinn never trusted anybody, and Bill's munificence passed current for the homage which stinginess pays to generosity. This time, however, the unexpected happened. Bill held a yellow coin to the light.

"Dis is de real article," began he, "an' it breaks meh heart ter break it. It's de first dat I ever had in meh life. I would like ter keep it fer a pocket-piece. Gents," spoke he solemnly as a campaign orator, "der is as much here as in five silver dollars er in five hundred cents."

"My," whispered Charlie the Conner, "he's eddicated."

Blind Bill continued: "It takes de Govermint ter squeeze five hundred cents in dis small coin, an' der ain't no one else dat kin do de trick."

"That's right," shouted Pete the Squealer. "I got pinched fer tryin' it."

Heedless of the laughter which followed Pete's observation, Bill went on:

"But dat ain't here, an' it ain't dere; de Govermint had nothin' ter say; I earned it. I'll tell yer how it was guv ter meh, an' den I'll let yer judge for yerselves whether I earned it or not."

"Yer earned it! Yer earned it!" exclaimed Humble Hinky jeeringly, desirious of cutting a long story as short as might be.

Bill looked at his interrupter scornfully. "I didn't earn it dat quick," retorted he; "I had ter work fer it," and he hastened to start his story.

"I goes into a man's store ter day, an' I tells him how I lost my eyesight from sickness.

"'Den yer can't see?' axes de man.

"'I wouldn't be blind ef I could see,' answers I.

"'Can't yer see at all?' he axes, lookin' at meh right sharp.

"'Excuse meh,' answers I, 'but yer 'pinion ef blindness is peculiar.'

"'It is sometimes,' he grins, an' de clerks stop workin' an grins, too. 'I don't believe yer blind,' he goes on, 'an' I'm goin' ter put yer to de test!'

"'I'm perfectly willin',' replies I. But I feels skeered, fer he was a smart-lookin' feller, an' dis test business is ticklish sometimes.

"De first thing he done was ter throw a quarter on his desk. 'Guess what dat is,' snaps he, 'an' yer kin have it.'

"'It's a quarter,' snaps I, an' I puts out meh hand ter grab it.

"'Don't be too quick, meh blind friend,' says he, puttin' his hand over de coin; 'ef yer was blind how could yer tell dat de piece ef money was a quarter?'

"I was almost caught dat time. I had no business ter call de turn, but de sight of de quarter made meh greedy; but I thinks quick an' I answers, 'De hearin' ef de blind is acute; I kin tell any coin by de ring.'

"'Yer must have been a paying-teller in a bank ter know money so well,' says he. But he gives meh de quarter.

"I starts ter go out in a hurry wid meh quarter, de clerks all laughin', when he calls meh back.

"'NOW,' AXES HE, HOLDIN' UP HIS FIVE FINGERS, 'HOW MANY?'"

"'I'll give yer de chance ter earn another quarter,' says he.

"'I'm willin',' says I.

"'Ef yer guesses how many fingers I holds up I'll give yer a quarter,' says he.

"'Ef I guesses it,' pipes I, 'yer'll tell meh I ain't blind, an' den yer won't give it ter meh. Ef I don't guess what it is, den yer surely won't give it ter meh. Dat bet ain't fair!'

"'Ef I ever kin use a blind clerk,' says he, 'I'll give yer de job. But I'll tell yer what I'll do, ef yer guesses right I'll give yer de quarter; ef yer guesses wrong I'll give yer a dime. Is dat fair?'

"'No,' replies I, 'I'm blind an' yer might cheat meh, an' how would I know?'

"'I'll be de judge,' says one of de clerks, an' I could see from de look on his face dat he wanted de boss beat, so I says, 'I'm willin'.'

"'Come, how many fingers is it?' axes he, holdin' up four.

"'Three,' says I.

"'Yer wrong,' says he an' de clerk.

"'But I gets meh dime,' shouts I.

"'Dat game ain't fair,' says de man; 'I loses either way. I'll tell yer what I'll do: I'll bet yer seventy cents ag'in' yer thirty-five cents dat yer can't call de turn next time!'

"'Give yer coin to de clerk first,' says I, givin' him mine.

"He holds up four fingers an' I bawls out 'Four!' an' de clerk gives meh de coin in a hurry.

"'Hold on,' cries de man to de clerk; 'dat feller is a-cheatin' meh!'

"'A blind man might guess right,' says I, a-goin' out.

"He pulls meh back by de coat an' shouts, 'We'll have one more bet, anyway!'

"I agrees ter dat 'cause I couldn't help mehself.

"'Now,' says he, 'I'll bet yer two dollars ag'in' yer one dollar an' five cents dat yer don't bet right dis time.' An' he puts de two dollars in de clerk's hand, an' I puts in meh one dollar an' five cents, feelin' sorry dat I didn't have sense enough ter quit.

"'Now,' axes he, holdin' up his five fingers, 'how many?'

"'Five,' shouts I, bein' willin' ter lose meh reputation fer honesty rather en meh dollar an' five. De clerk was goin' ter drop de three dollars in meh hand when de boss snaps his fingers an' bawls out:

"'Hold on; don't be so quick.' An' he says ter meh:

"'How could I hold up five fingers when I've only got four, meh thumb bein' gone?'

"'No, sir,' says I, 'a man what had his thumb cut off can't snap his fingers!'

"'An' de clerk drops his money in meh hand an' de man says:

"'Yer hearin' is very 'cute.' Den he thinks a minute an' says:

"'I'll bet two dollars ag'in' yer three dat yer don't guess it dis time! An', Mr. Clerk, yer needn't be in sich a hurry ter get rid ef meh money!'

"Den he holds up one finger. 'One,' hollers I afore he has de chance ter haul it down an' hold up two. An' de clerk hands meh de coin.

"'Yer seen it,' says he.

"'I didn't,' says I.

"'Den how did yer guess it?' axes he.

"'It's de most natural thing in de world,' says I, 'fer a man ter go back ter one finger after him havin' up five.'

"'Well,' says he, 'I'll give yer five dollars an' let yer go! An' some dark night I'm comin' around ter borrow dose blind eyes ef yourn!'"

And Bill drew his story to a close, tossing the five-dollar gold piece to McQuinn with the carelessness of a man who is used to handling gold like so much dross. McQuinn examined it with the care of a man who is used to having coppers foisted on him for so much gold.

"Look-a-here," he roared, marching up to Bill, "dat ain't nothin' but a gilded quarter. What does yer mean by tryin' ter shove queer?" And straightway he ejected Bill from the club-room.

Throughout the evening one member, evidently a stranger, for none of the members could claim his acquaintance, sat stolidly in a corner, never smiling, never changing the expression on his face.

Crutch McAllister, who had been eying him closely all evening, was irritated beyond endurance by the stranger's overweening indifference.

When Blind Bill's gold proved spurious and the stranger in the gates failed to see the humor of the situation, Crutch McAllister could control himself no longer and he turned and smote the melancholy guest with all his might and main.

"Yer can't palm dat deaf an' dumb racket off on ter us. It don't go here," he yelled.

"Dat's right, Crutch, make him speak. Make him!" and they all pounced on the silent guest.

"Let him alone," yelled McQuinn, pulling the others off, "let him alone. Dat feller is all right; I knows him. He can't speak an' he can't hear."

"I'm sorry dat I hit him, den," apologized Crutch, "but de guy had de right ter holler an' tell meh dat he was deaf an' dumb in de first place!"

Wertheimer's Bargain

JOHN SINGER SARGENT immortalized Wertheimer, and the Wertheimer portrait has immortalized Sargent. It was the fame brought him by this picture that made it possible for Sargent to ask $18,000 for his recent portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire.

It was Wertheimer, who is the leading London art dealer, who placed Sargent's work before the public. When he saw the finished portrait of himself in the artist's studio he recognized at once its extraordinary merit, and foresaw the sensation it would create. He at once asked Mr. Sargent what he owed him. "Oh, that's all right, Wertheimer," the artist replied. "Pay any time."

But Wertheimer insisted upon knowing the amount of the bill. Sargent named some such modest price as $6000, and was surprised to see the dealer sit down at once, draw forth a check-book, and make out a check for the amount. Then Wertheimer laid a hand on Sargent's shoulder.

"My friend," he said, "you are the fashion. Raise your price."

SONS OF AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES

MR. JAMES N. HILL

MR. LOUIS W. HILL

By Forrest Crissey

THE OLD SAYING OF "THREE GENERATIONS FROM SHIRT-SLEEVES TO SHIRT-SLEEVES" DISPROVED IN FOUR YOUNG MEN OF THE SECOND GENERATION WHO ARE BUILDERS, NOT SPENDTHRIFTS

A CERTAIN class of American seems to cherish with peculiar tenacity the tradition that the sons of "self-made" millionaires are generally lacking in the capacity and other solid qualities that enabled their fathers to build great fortunes and win the admiration of the world. This popular superstition persists in spite of abounding proof of its unsoundness and in defiance of a broad view of existing conditions. So widely prevalent is this unjust notion that the young man who chances to be born the son of a millionaire is soon made to feel the weight of his handicap. The public is slow to accept the most convincing proofs of his abilities. On the contrary, the truth is that instances of the general belief are the exception rather than the rule. Hundreds of cases might be cited in support of this assertion; but a few notable examples may be given. They are representative of a large and interesting class.

Most conspicuous of those who serve to illustrate the fact that great business capacity and thrift pass from father to son are the "Hill boys," as they are called in railway circles.

Louis Warren Hill, the youngest son of James J. Hill, the great "Railroad King" of the Northwest, probably holds more high official positions in the railway service than any other man now living. So numerous are these positions that he has to rely upon a secretary, especially charged with this duty, to keep him informed as to the merely perfunctory demands involved in his official routine; and it is fair to presume that he might have difficulty in giving offhand a complete list of the offices he holds.

He is President of twenty great corporations and Chairman, Vice-President or Vice-Chairman of almost a dozen others, besides being James J. Hill's right-hand man in the active management of the Great Northern Railroad. What wonder that at thirty years of age he is an example of steadiness, application and energy? And what wonder, too, that he finds time only to be as simple, direct and democratic as the humblest division superintendent under his control?

There is a saying in Great Northern circles that a man who has business with Louis Hill can see the young railroad man easier and transact affairs with him more quickly than he can see or do business with any subordinate of official rank in the whole great organization. A section-hand, a wiper, a conductor, or a telegraph operator from out on the line can get audience on business with this thirty-year-old official at any time that gives a reasonable excuse for an interview. He possesses the art of setting a caller in overalls instantly at ease and of drawing from him a prompt statement of the mission that brings him into the head office.

One reason why Louis Hill is able instantly to grasp any problem of railroading is because he has literally come up from the ranks, and has a personal familiarity with the details involved in practically every branch of railroading.

His equipment for the big responsibilities which he handles is not a matter of accident or evolution, but the careful and direct plan of James J. Hill's shrewd and far-seeing mind. It presents a remarkable union of the theoretical and the practical.

From earliest boyhood Louis Hill was placed in charge of a thoroughly competent tutor, who was under instructions to see that his pupil made the most of his preparatory years. Then he was sent to Phillips' Exeter Academy. He next entered Yale, graduating in the class of 1893; and a more loyal son of "Old Eli" is not to be found in the whole Northwest.

Returning from college he at once entered the famous "Great Northern Kindergarten," as service under his father is commonly nicknamed. First he was put through the accounting department, where he rapidly acquired a familiarity with railroad figures of every kind.

Then he put on blue jumpers and took his place in the car shops at St. Paul. It was a large day in his calendar when he attained the dignity of a bench and had his pay raised to that of a journeyman. From the repair shops at St. Paul he was sent to the shops at St. Cloud and there learned other branches of the mechanical department.

His next boss was a roadmaster, who put him through a severe course in track work. After he had mastered the mysteries of grades, curves and other problems in this field of activity he was assigned to a clerkship in the superintendent's office. Next he was switched to the freight house of the Eastern Minnesota road, at Duluth. Here he checked freight with the other "hustlers," who saw to it that his education in the science of freight handling was not neglected. From here he was promoted to the position of billing clerk in the warehouse.

Good service in that capacity brought him another promotion, and he was made traveling freight agent. This paid him $75 a month. His first wages in the car shops had been $30 a month, and all the time he had received only the pay given to those holding the various positions in which he served. Also it should be remembered that as soon as he was well on toward a good position in one department he was transferred to another, where he was obliged to begin at the bottom, and to take bottom wages, for it was his father's purpose to teach him the value of money at the same time he was learning the business of railroading—and James J. Hill never plays at anything that comes under the head of business.

In 1897 Louis Hill had his first taste of official honors and responsibilities, being elected Vice-President of the Eastern Minnesota road, the line which runs from St. Paul to Duluth. His warmest congratulations came from the men who had worked with him in the freight house.

He was married two years ago to Miss Maud Taylor, who had formerly lived in St. Paul.

The men in the shop and out on the line count the young assistant to the President as a "friend at court."

Though the dependence which James J. Hill places upon his younger son is well indicated by the number and responsibility of the positions Louis Hill holds, it is only fair to say that many of these places were formerly held by James N. Hill previous to the breaking of his health, which, although believed to be substantially improving, is not now rugged. The future prominence of the elder son in railroad work may fairly be said to depend wholly upon the extent to which he recovers his health, for there is no question as to his capacity for affairs or the thoroughness of his equipment.

Up to the time of entering the "Great Northern School" the education of James Norman Hill was a parallel to that of his brother. They had the same tutor, attended the same preparatory school, entered Yale at the same time and were both graduated in the class of 1893.

Then their lines slightly diverged, James N. going at once into the operating department. After being grounded in the various branches of shop work he was given a clerkship in the office of the superintendent of the Eastern Minnesota road, at Duluth. Here he became thoroughly familiar with the details of railroad operation from the viewpoint of the executive office.

Then followed his first official service, rendered as President of the Eastern Minnesota. He was elected to this position in 1897 at the time Louis became Vice-President of that line. In course of time he was elected to many of the positions now held by his brother. About three or four months ago he resigned all his official responsibilities with the single exception of the position of Fourth Vice-President of the entire Great Northern system.

Like his father, James N. Hill is greatly interested in trade expansion and believes that the United States is destined to build up a great traffic with the Orient. His plan to spend the winter in the Orient in a close, personal study of trade conditions will, therefore, serve the double purpose of allowing him to escape the rigors of the Northern climate and at the same time prosecute the most vital line of inquiry which the great transportation enterprises are now pursuing.

Though James N. is perhaps not quite so democratic in his tastes as his younger brother, his executive ability is recognized throughout the Great Northern system.

In many particulars the training and experience of the "Hill boys," as their friends call them, are closely paralleled in the lives of the two elder sons of Gustavus F. Swift, the great packer. They were both born to the business in which they are engaged, and their training has been the deliberate plan of a father determined to raise up worthy successors.

Louis Swift is now approaching middle age and has full charge of the provisions department of the immense Swift concern. From the common schools of Chicago he went to the alleys of the Union Stock Yards, where he was given a cattle pony and put to buying the various kinds of livestock. Here he worked as hard and as closely as any other buyer, and was perhaps held to a stricter account for his stewardship than were any of his associates. Then he went inside the packing-house and was given a thorough course in each one of its departments.

Formality and red tape are remote from the regular habit of his life, and he is likely to address by his Christian name the hog buyer who comes to his office. He claims to be only a very plain business man, and, like his brother Edward, is anxious chiefly to keep his name out of the papers.

Edward F. Swift has some of the traits of his father in a notable degree. Not long since a prominent livestock man was asked by a social acquaintance:

"What kind of a man is Eddie Swift?"

"Just this kind," was the quick reply: "he can listen more and say less than any man who has full powers of speech. Hundreds of men, on various occasions, have tried to find out what was doing under Eddie Swift's hat; he gave them a chance to talk with him—and always with the result that he learned something from them without giving up the slightest scrap of information. There are some people who talk so much that the by-products of their conversation would work up into a good fat dictionary; but you couldn't make a primer from the entire output of Eddie Swift's talk outside of official orders. He is one of the few Yankees on earth who haven't an atom of gossip in their compositions. That runs in the Swift blood. They don't talk about their competitors in business or their friends in society. They weigh their words as carefully as their hogs and cattle, and consequently their talk is worth more on the open market than that of any other bunch doing business in these yards."

Louis Swift indulges in more social pleasures than the younger brother, maintains a good stable at his Lake Forest home, and has been known to indulge in even so frivolous a pastime as a cross-country paper chase.

Edward F. Swift's principal pastime is the fresh-meat department of Swift & Co., of which he has complete control. If ever he goes outside his business for diversion it is in the way of sailing. At Lake Geneva, his summer home, he keeps a yacht and occasionally indulges in a day's cruise. Like his elder brother, he served a long and thorough apprenticeship as a buyer in the yards and enjoys a decided popularity with the men. And there are few men who are shrewder judges of values on the hoof than is Edward Swift.

Not only is Edward Swift as noncommittal as his father, but he also inherits the latter's tenacity and determination. He reaches his own conclusions and nothing short of self-evident logic can shake him from his position. Fortunately, however, he has his father's remarkable acumen and there is seldom cause for him to reverse his judgments. But these reversals come hard when they come at all.

A striking characteristic of these two sons of the Packer from Cape Cod is their loyalty and devotion to each other. Both are married and have several children, and each is easily a millionaire in his own right. Edward Swift is about thirty-four years old.

THE PIT

By FRANK NORRIS
Author of The Octopus

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Curtis Jadwin is one of the strongest men downtown, a large holder of real estate, cautious, conservative, but quick to act on his decisions and full of energy. "Sam" Gretry and "Charlie" Cressler are his most intimate friends. Gretry is the head of an important brokerage house. Cressler, an older man, is a different type. He still carries the marks of a former failure, the ruinous collapse of a big deal in wheat. Corners he believes are an impossibility. It is at the Cresslers' that Jadwin has first met Laura Dearborn, a type of girl new to him and one which instantly caught his interest. Mrs. Cressler even maintains that Laura has made his conquest. But Jadwin is not alone in the field. Sheldon Corthell, the artist, a nature of keener perceptions and finer tact, of less force, and Landry Court, one of Gretry's young aids, are both among the number of her declared admirers. Laura herself scarcely knows her own mind. Corthell makes a powerful appeal to her emotions, but Jadwin seems the stronger figure. Landry Court she hardly takes seriously. Rather she is inclined to relegate him to her younger sister, Page. Mrs. Cressler strongly favors Jadwin—"a man of position and judgment, my dear"—and openly advocates his cause to Laura. She does not know that he has begun to dabble in wheat. Acting on a tip from Gretry he has taken a flyer in May wheat—a million bushels sold short.

CHAPTER V

IN THE front parlor of the Cresslers' house a little company 'was gathered—Laura Dearborn and Page, Mrs. Wessels, Mrs. Cressler, and young Miss Gretry, an awkward, plain-faced girl of about nineteen, dressed extravagantly in a décolleté gown of blue silk. Curtis Jadwin and Cressler himself stood by the open fireplace smoking. Landry Court fidgeted on the sofa, pretending to listen to the Gretry girl, who told an interminable story of a visit to some wealthy relative who had a country seat in Wisconsin and who raised fancy poultry. She possessed, it appeared, three thousand hens—Brahma-poutras, Faverolles, Houdans, Dorkings; even peacocks and tame quails.

Sheldon Corthell, in a dinner coat, an unlighted cigarette between his fingers, discussed the spring exhibit of water-colors with Laura and Mrs. Cressler, Page listening with languid interest. Aunt Wess' turned the leaves of a family album, counting the number of photographs of Mrs. Cressler which it contained.

Black coffee had just been served. It was the occasion of the third rehearsal for the play which was to be given for the benefit of the hospital ward for Jadwin's mission children, and Mrs. Cressler had invited the members of the company for dinner. Just now every one awaited the arrival of the "coach," Monsieur Gerardy, who was always late.

Cressler clipped the tip of a fresh cigar, and, turning to Curtis Jadwin, remarked:

"I understand that Leaycraft lost fifteen thousand."

He referred to Jadwin's deal in May wheat, the consummation of which had been effected the previous week. Squarely in the midst of the morning session, on the day following the "short" sale of Jadwin's million of bushels, had exploded the news of the intended action of the French Chamber. Amid a tremendous clamor the price fell. The Bulls were panic-stricken. Leaycraft, the redoubtable, was overwhelmed at the very start. The Porteous trio heroically attempted to shoulder the wheat, but the load was too much. They as well gave ground, and, bereft of their support, May wheat, which had opened at .93⅝ to .92½, broke with the very first attack to .92, hung there a moment, then dropped again to .91½, then to .91. Then, in a prolonged shudder of weakness, sank steadily down by quarters to .90, to .89, and at last—a final collapse—touched 88 cents. At that figure Jadwin began to cover. There was danger that the buying of so large a lot might bring about a rally in the price. But Gretry, a consummate master of Pit tactics, kept his orders scattered and bought gradually, taking some two or three days to accumulate the grain. Jadwin's luck—the never-failing guardian of the golden wings—seemed to have the affair under immediate supervision, and reports of timely rains in the wheat belt kept the price inert while the trade was being closed. In the end the "deal" was brilliantly successful, and Gretry was still chuckling over the set-back to the Porteous gang. Exactly the amount of his friend's profits Jadwin did not know. As for himself, he had received from Gretry a check for fifty thousand dollars, every cent of which was net profit.

"I'm not going to congratulate you," continued Cressler. "As far as that's concerned, I would rather you had lost than won—if it would have kept you out of the Pit for good. You're very corky now. I know—good Lord, don't I know how you feel? Had my share of it. I know how a man gets down into this speculating game."

"Charlie, this wasn't speculating," interrupted Jadwin. "It was a certainty. It was found money. If I had known a certain piece of real estate was going to appreciate in value I would have bought it, wouldn't I?"

"All the worse, if it made it seem easy and sure to you. Do you know," he added suddenly—"Do you know that Leaycraft has gone to keep books for a manufacturing concern out in Dubuque?"

Jadwin pulled his mustache. He was looking at Laura Dearborn over the heads of Landry and the Gretry girl.

"I didn't suppose he'd be getting measured for a private yacht," he murmured. Then he continued, pulling his mustache vigorously:

"Charlie, upon my word, what a beautiful—what beautiful *hair* that girl has!"

LAURA HERSELF WAS MORE SERIOUS

Laura was wearing it very high that evening, the shining black coils transfixed by a strange hand-cut ivory comb that had been her grandmother's. She was dressed in black taffeta, with a single great cabbage-rose pinned to her shoulder. She sat very straight in her chair, one hand upon her slender hip, her head a little to one side, listening attentively to Corthell.

By this time the household was running smoothly; everything was in place, the Dearborns were "settled," and a routine had begun. Her first month in her new surroundings had been to Laura an unbroken series of little delights. For formal social distractions she had but little taste. She left those to Page, who, as soon as Lent was over, promptly became involved in a bewildering round of teas, "dancing clubs," dinners and theatre parties. Mrs. Wessels was her chaperon, and the little middle-aged lady found the satisfaction of a belated youth in conveying her pretty niece to the various functions that occupied her time. Each Friday night saw her in the gallery of a certain smart dancing-school of the South Side, where she watched Page dance her way from the "first waltz" to the last figure of the german. She counted the couples carefully, and on the way home was always able to say how the attendance of that particular evening compared with that of the former occasion, and also to inform Laura how many times Page had danced with the same young man.

Laura herself was more serious. She had begun a course of reading; no novels, but solemn works full of allusions to "Man" and "Destiny," which she underlined and annotated. Twice a week—on Mondays and Thursdays—she took a French lesson. Corthell managed to enlist the good services of Mrs. Wessels and escorted her to numerous piano and 'cello recitals, to lectures, to concerts. He even succeeded in achieving the consecration of a specified afternoon once a week, spent in his studio in the Fine Arts Building on the Lake Front, where he read to them Saint Agnes' Eve, Sordello, The Light of Asia—poems which, with their inversions, obscurities, and astonishing arabesques of rhetoric, left Aunt Wess' bewildered, breathless, stupefied.

Laura found these readings charming. The studio was beautiful, lofty, the light dim; the sound of Corthell's voice returned from the thick hangings of tapestry in a subdued murmur. The air was full of the odor of pastiles.

But Laura could not fail to be impressed with the artist's tact, his delicacy. In words he never referred to their conversation in the foyer of the Auditorium; only by some unexplained subtlety of attitude he managed to convey to her the distinct impression that he loved her always—that he was patient, waiting for some indefinite, unexpressed development.

Landry Court called upon her as often as she would allow. Once he had prevailed upon her and Page to accompany him to the matinée to see a comic opera. He had pronounced it "bully," unable to see that Laura evinced only a mild interest in the performance. On each propitious occasion he had made love to her extravagantly. He continually protested his profound respect with a volubility and earnestness that were quite uncalled for.

But, meanwhile, the situation had speedily become more complicated by the entrance upon the scene of an unexpected personage. This was Curtis Jadwin. It was impossible to deny the fact that "J." was in love with Mrs. Cressler's protégée. The business man had none of Corthell's talent for significant reticence, none of his tact, and older than she, a man of the world, accustomed to deal with situations with unswerving directness, he, unlike Landry Court, was not in the least afraid of her. From the very first she

found herself upon the defensive. Jadwin was aggressive, assertive, and his addresses had all the persistence and vehemence of veritable attack. Landry she could manage with the lifting of a finger, Corthell's delightful aloofness needed only the simplest *finesse* to keep in place. But Jadwin gave her no time to so much as think of *finesse*. She was not even allowed to choose her own time and place for fencing, and to parry his invasion upon those intimate personal grounds which she pleased herself to keep secluded called upon her every feminine art of procrastination and strategy.

He continued to meet her everywhere. He impressed Mrs. Cressler as auxiliary into his campaign, and a series of *rencontres* followed one another with astonishing rapidity. Now it was another opera party, now a box at McVicker's, now a dinner, or more often a drive through Lincoln Park behind Jadwin's trotters. He even had the Cresslers and Laura over to his mission Sunday-school for the Easter festival, an occasion of which Laura carried away a confused recollection of enormous canvas mottoes, that looked more like campaign banners than texts from the Scriptures, sheaves of calla lilies, imitation bells of tinfoil, revival hymns vociferated with deafening vehemence from seven hundred distended mouths, and through it all the odor of uncleanliness that mingled strangely with the perfume of the lilies and the aromatic whiffs from the festoons of evergreen.

HE GAVE HIMSELF AIRS

Thus the first month of her new life had passed. Laura did not trouble herself to look very far into the future. She was too much amused with her emancipation from the narrow horizon of her New England environment. She did not concern herself about consequences. Things would go on for themselves, and consequences develop without effort on her part. She never asked herself whether or not she was in love with any of the three men who strove for her favor. She was quite sure she was not ready—yet—to be married. There was even something distasteful in the idea of marriage. She liked Landry Court immensely; she found the afternoons in Corthell's studio delightful; she loved the rides in the park behind Jadwin's horses. She had no desire that any one of these affairs should exclude the other two. She wished nothing to be consummated. As for love, she never let slip an occasion to shock Aunt Wess' by declaring:

"I love—nobody. I shall never marry."

Page, prim, with great parades of her ideas of "good form," declared between her pursed lips that her sister was a flirt. But this was not so. Laura never manœuvred with her lovers, nor intrigued to keep from any one of them knowledge of her companionship with the other two. So, upon such occasions as this, when all three found themselves face to face, she remained unperturbed.

At last, toward half-past eight, Monsieur Gerardy arrived. All through the winter amateur plays had been in great favor, and Gerardy had become, in a sense, a fad—he was in great demand. Consequently, he gave himself airs. His method was that of severity; he posed as a taskmaster, relentless, never pleased. He hustled the amateur actors about without ceremony, scolding and browbeating. He was a small, excitable man who wore a frock coat much too small for him, a flowing purple cravat drawn through a finger-ring, and enormous cuffs set off with huge buttons of Mexican onyx. In his lapel was an inevitable carnation, dried, shrunken and lamentable. He was redolent of perfume and spoke of himself as an artist. He caused it to be understood that in the intervals of "coaching society plays" he gave his attention to the painting of landscapes. Corthell feigned to ignore his very existence.

The play-book in his hand, Monsieur Gerardy clicked his heels in the middle of the floor and punctiliously saluted every one present, bowing only from his shoulders, his head dropping forward as if propelled by successive dislocations of the vertebræ of his neck.

He explained the cause of his delay. His English was without accent, but at times suddenly entangled itself in curious Gallic constructions.

"Then I propose we begin at once," he announced. "The second act to-night; then, if we have time, the third act—from the book. And I expect the second act to be letter-perfect—let-ter-per-fect. There is nothing there but that." He held up his hand, as if to refuse to consider the least dissension. "There is nothing but that—no other thing."

All but Corthell listened attentively. The artist, however, turning his back, had continued to talk to Laura without lowering his tone, and all through Monsieur Gerardy's exhortation his voice had made itself heard: "Management of light and shade" . . . "color scheme" . . . "effects of composition."

Monsieur Gerardy's eye glinted in his direction. He struck his play-book sharply into the palm of his hand.

"Come, come!" he cried. "No more nonsense. Now we leave the girls alone and get to work. Here is the scene. Mademoiselle Gretry, if I derange you!" He cleared a space at the end of the parlor, pulling the chairs about. "Be attentive now. Here"—he placed a chair at his right with a flourish, as though planting a banner—"is the porch of Lord Glendale's country house."

Laura's cue was yet to come. It seemed to her as she moved about among the guests that Jadwin was especially well-looking on this particular evening. He never dressed with the "smartness" of Sheldon Corthell or Landry Court, but in some way she did not expect that he should. His clothes were not what she was aware was called "stylish," but she had had enough experience with her own tailor-made gowns to know that the material was the very best that money could buy. The apparent absence of any padding in the broad shoulders of the frock coat he wore, to her mind, more than compensated for the "ready-made" scarf, and if the white waistcoat was not fashionably cut, she knew that *she* had never been able to afford a piqué skirt of just that particular grade.

"Suppose we go into the reception-room," he observed abruptly. "Charlie bought a new clock last week that's a marvel. You ought to see it."

"No," she answered. "I am quite comfortable here, and I want to see how Page does in this act."

"I am afraid, Miss Dearborn," he continued, as they found their places, "that you did not have a very good time Sunday afternoon."

He referred to the Easter festival at his mission school. Laura had left rather early, alleging neuralgia and a dinner engagement.

"Why, yes, I did," she replied. "Only, to tell the truth, my head ached a little." She was ashamed that she did altogether delight in her remembrance of Jadwin on that afternoon. He had "addressed" the school, with earnestness it was true, but in a strain decidedly conventional. And the picture he made leading the singing, beating time with the hymn-book, and between the verses declaring that "he wanted to hear every one's voice in the next verse," did not appeal very forcibly to her imagination. She fancied Sheldon Corthell doing these things, and at the thought could not forbear to smile. She had to admit, despite the protests of conscience, that she did prefer the studio to the Sunday-school.

"Oh," remarked Jadwin, "I'm sorry to hear you had a headache. I suppose my little micks (he invariably spoke of his mission children thus) do make more noise than music."

"I found them very interesting."

"No, excuse me, but I'm afraid you didn't. My little micks are not interesting—to look at nor to listen to. But I kind of—well, I don't know," he began, pulling his mustache. "It seems to *suit* me to get down there and get hold of these people. You know Moody put me up to it. He was here about five years ago, and I went to one of his big meetings, and then to all of them. And I met the fellow, too, and I tell you, Miss Dearborn, he stirred me all up. I didn't 'get religion.' No, nothing like that. But I got a notion it was time to be up and doing, and I figured it out that business principles were as good in religion as they are—well, in La Salle Street, and that if the church people—the men, I mean—put as much energy, and shrewdness, and competitive spirit into the saving of souls as they did into the saving of dollars that we might get somewhere. And so I took hold of a half-dozen broken-down, bankrupt Sunday-school concerns over here on Archer Avenue that were fighting each other all the time, and amalgamated them all—a regular trust, just as if they were iron foundries—and turned the incompetents out and put my subordinates in, and put the thing on a business basis, and by now, I'll venture to say, there's not a better *organized* Sunday-school in all Chicago, and I'll bet if D. L. Moody were here to-day he'd say, 'Jadwin, well done, thou good and faithful servant.' I believe in men who are doing the work of the world. And I believe in women as I believe in Christ. But I don't believe they were made—any more than Christ was—to cultivate—beyond a certain point—their own souls, and refine their own minds, and live in a sort of warmed-over, dilettante, stained-glass world of seclusion and exclusion. No, sir, that won't do for the United States and the men who are making them the greatest nation of the world. The men have got all the get-up-and-get they want, but they need the women to point them straight, and to show them how to lead that other kind of life that isn't all grind. Since I've known you, Miss Dearborn, I've just begun to wake up to the fact that there *is* that other kind, the kind that means home and little children, but I can't lead that life without you. There's *no* kind of life that's worth anything to me now that don't include you. I don't need to tell you that I want you to marry me. You know that by now, I guess, without any words from me. I love you, and I love you as a man, not as a boy—seriously and earnestly. I can give you no idea *how* seriously, *how* earnestly. I want you to be my wife. Laura, my dear girl, I *know* I could make you happy."

"It isn't," answered Laura slowly, perceiving as he paused that he expected her to say something, "so much a question of that."

"What is it, then? I won't make a scene. Don't you love me? Don't you think, my girl, you could ever love me?"

Laura hesitated a long moment. She had taken the rose from her shoulder, and plucking the petals one by one put them delicately between her teeth. From the other end of the room came the clamorous exhortations of Monsieur Gerardy. Mrs. Cressler and the Gretry girl watched the progress of the rehearsal attentively from the doorway of the dining-room. Aunt Wess' and Mr. Cressler were discussing psychic research and séances on the sofa on the other side of the room. After a while Laura spoke.

"It isn't that, either," she said, choosing her words carefully.

"What is it, then?"

"I don't know—exactly. For one thing, I don't think I *want* to be married, Mr. Jadwin—to anybody."

"I would wait for you."

"Or to be engaged."

"But the day must come, sooner or later, when you must be both engaged and married. You *must* ask yourself *some time* if you love the man who wishes to be your husband. Why not ask yourself now?"

"I do," she answered. "I do ask myself. I have asked myself."

"Well, what do you decide?"

"That I don't know."

"Don't you think you would love me in time? Laura, I am sure you would. I would *make* you."

"I don't know. I suppose that is a stupid answer. But it is, if I am to be honest, and I am trying very hard to be honest—with you and with myself—the only one I have. I am happy just as I am. I like you and Mr. Cressler and Mr. Corthell—everybody. But, Mr. Jadwin"—she looked him full in the face, her dark eyes full of gravity—"with a woman it is so serious—to be married. More so than any man ever understood. And, oh, one must be so sure, so sure. And I am not sure now. I am not sure now. Even if I were sure of you, I could not say I was sure of myself. Now and then I tell myself, and even poor, dear Aunt Wess', that I shall never love anybody, that I shall never marry. But I should be bitterly sorry if I thought that was true. It is one of the greatest happinesses to which I look forward, that some day I shall love some one with all my heart and soul, and shall be a true wife, and find my husband's love for me the sweetest thing in my life. But I am sure that that day has not come yet."

"And when it does come," he urged, "may I be the first to know?"

She smiled a little gravely.

"Ah," she answered, "I should not know myself that that day had come until I woke to the fact that I loved the man who had asked me to be his wife, and then it might be too late—for you."

"But now, at least," he persisted, "you love no one."

"Now," she repeated, "I love—no one."

"And I may take such encouragement in that as I can?"

And then, suddenly, capriciously even, Laura, an inexplicable spirit of inconsistency besetting her, was a very different woman from the one who an instant before had spoken so gravely of the seriousness of marriage. She hesitated a moment before answering Jadwin, her head to one side, looking at the rose leaf between her fingers. In a low voice she said at last:

"If you like."

But before Jadwin could reply Cressler and Aunt Wess', who had been telling each other of their "experiences," of their "premonitions," of the unaccountable things that had happened to them, at length included the others in their conversation.

"J.," remarked Cressler, "did anything funny ever happen to *you*—warnings, presentiments, that sort of thing? Mrs. Wessels and I have been talking spiritualism. Laura, have *you* ever had any 'experiences'?"

She shook her head. "No, no. I am too material, I am afraid."

"How about you, J.?"

"Nothing much, except that I believe in 'luck'—a little The other day I flipped a coin in Gretry's office. If it fell heads I was to sell wheat short, and somehow I knew all the time that the coin would fall heads—and so it did."

"And you made a great deal of money," said Laura "I know. Mr. Court was telling me. That was splendid."

"That was deplorable, Laura," said Cressler gravely "I hope some day," he continued, "we can all of us get hold of this man and make him solemnly promise never to gamble in wheat again."

Laura stared. To her mind the word "gambling" had always been suspect. It had a bad sound; it seemed to be associated with depravity of the baser sort.

"Gambling!" she murmured.

"They call it buying and selling," he went on, "down there in La Salle Street. But it is simply betting. Betting on the condition of the market weeks, even months, in advance. You bet wheat goes up. I bet it goes down. Those fellows in the Pit don't own the wheat; never even see it. Wouldn't know what to do with it if they had it. They don't care in the least about the grain. But there are thousands upon thousands of farmers out here in Iowa and Kansas or Dakota who do, and hundreds of thousands of poor devils in Europe who care even more than the farmer. I mean the fellows who raise the grain, and the other fellows who eat it. It's life or death for either of them. And right between these two comes the Chicago speculator, who raises or lowers the price out of all reason, for the benefit of his pocket. You see, Laura, here is what I mean." Cressler had suddenly become very earnest. Absorbed, interested, Laura listened intently "Here is what I mean," pursued Cressler. "It's like this: If we send the price of wheat down too far the farmer suffers, the fellow who raises it; if we send it up too far the poor man in Europe suffers, the fellow who eats it. And food to the peasant on the continent is bread—not meat or potatoes, as it is with us. The only way to do so that neither the American farmer nor the European peasant suffers is to keep wheat at an average, legitimate value The moment you inflate or depress that, somebody suffers right away. And that is just what these gamblers are doing all the time, booming it up or booming it down. Think of it, the food of hundreds and hundreds of thousands of people just at the mercy of a few men down there on the Board of Trade. They make the price. They say just how much the peasant shall pay for his loaf of bread. If he can't pay the price he simply starves. And as for the farmer, why, it's ludicrous. If I build a house and offer it for sale, I put my own price on it, and if the price offered don't suit me I don't sell. But if I go out here in Iowa and raise a crop of wheat, I've got to sell it, whether I want to or not, at the figure named by some fellows in Chicago. And to make themselves rich they make me sell it at a price that bankrupts me."

Laura nodded. She was intensely interested. A whole new order of things was being disclosed, and for the first time in her life she looked into the workings of political economy.

"Oh, that's only one side of it," Cressler went on, heedless of Jadwin's good-humored protests. "Yes, I know I am a crank on speculating. I'm going to preach a little if you'll let me I've been a speculator myself, and a ruined one at that, and I know what I am talking about. Here is what I was going to say: These fellows themselves, the gamblers; well, call them speculators, if you like—oh, the fine, promising, manly young men I've seen wrecked, absolutely and hopelessly wrecked and ruined by speculation! It's as easy to get into as going across the street. They make three hundred, five hundred, yes, even a thousand dollars sometimes in a couple of hours, without so much as raising a finger. Think what that means to a boy of twenty-five who's doing clerk work at seventy-five a month. Why, it would take him maybe ten years to save a thousand, and here he's made it in a single morning. Think you can keep him out of speculation then? First thing you know he's thrown up his honest, humdrum position—oh, I've seen it hundreds of times—and takes to hanging round the customers' rooms down there on La Salle Street, and he makes a little, and makes a little more, and finally he is so far in that he can't pull out, and then some billionaire fellow, who has the market in the palm of his hand, tightens one finger, and our young man is ruined, body and mind. He's lost the taste, the very capacity for legitimate business, and he stays on hanging round the Board till he gets to be—all of a sudden—an old man. And then some day some one says, 'Why, where's So-and-so?' and you wake up to the fact that the young fellow has simply disappeared—lost. I tell you the fascination of this Pit gambling is something no one who hasn't experienced it can have the faintest conception of. Once you get into it, it grips you and draws you, and the nearer you get to the end the easier it seems to win, till all of a sudden, ah! there's the whirlpool. . . . J., keep away from it, my boy."

Jadwin laughed, and leaning over put his fingers upon Cressler's breast, as though turning off a switch

"Now, Miss Dearborn," he announced, "we've shut him off. Charlie means all right, but now and then some one brushes against him and opens that switch"

Cressler good-humoredly laughed with the others, but Laura's smile was perfunctory and her eyes were grave

But there was a diversion. While the others had been talking the rehearsal had proceeded, and now Page beckoned to Laura from the far end of the parlor, calling out:

SHELDON CORTHELL DISCUSSED THE SPRING EXHIBIT OF WATER-COLORS WITH LAURA AND MRS. CRESSLER

"Laura—'Beatrice,' it's the third act. You are wanted."

"Oh, I must run," exclaimed Laura, catching up her playbook. "Poor Monsieur Gerardy—we must be a trial to him."

She hurried across the room, where the coach was disposing the furniture for the scene, consulting the stage directions in his book

In haphazard fashion the rehearsal wore to a close Monsieur Gerardy stormed and fretted and insisted upon repeating certain scenes over and over again. By ten o'clock the actors were quite worn out. A little supper was served, and soon afterward Laura made a move toward departing. She was wondering who would see her home—Landry Jadwin, or Sheldon Corthell.

The day had been sunshiny, warm even, but since nine o'clock the weather had changed for the worse, and by now a heavy rain was falling. Mrs. Cressler begged the two sisters and Mrs. Wessels to stay at her house overnight, but Laura refused. Jadwin was suggesting to Cressler the appropriateness of having the coupé brought around to take the sisters home, when Corthell came up to Laura.

"I sent for a couple of hansoms long since," he said. They are waiting outside now." And that seemed to settle the question.

For all Jadwin's perseverance, the artist seemed—for this time at least—to have the better of the situation

Now, Miss Dearborn, if you are ready," exclaimed Corthell, as the carriage came up. He held the umbrella over her head, allowing his shoulders to get the drippings

They cried good-by again all round, and the artist guided her down the slippery steps. He handed her carefully into the hansom and, following, drew down the glasses.

Laura settled herself comfortably far back in her corner, adjusting her skirts and murmuring:

"Such a wet night. Who would have thought it was going to rain? I was afraid you were not coming at first," she added. "At dinner Mrs. Cressler said you had an important committee meeting—something to do with the Art Institute, the award of prizes, was that it?"

"Oh, yes," he answered indifferently, "something of the sort was on. I suppose it was important—for the Institute. But for me there is only one thing of importance nowadays"—he spoke with a studied carelessness, as though announcing a fact that Laura must know already—"and that is, to be near you. It is astonishing. You have no idea of it—how I have ordered my whole life according to that idea

"As though you expected me to believe that," she answered.

In her other lovers she knew her words would have provoked vehement protestation. But for her it was part of the charm of Corthell's attitude that he never did or said the expected, the ordinary. Just now he seemed more interested in the effect of his love for Laura upon himself than in the manner of her reception of it.

"It is curious," he continued. "I am no longer a boy. I have no enthusiasms. I have known many women, and I have seen enough of what the crowd calls love to know how futile it is, how empty, a vanity of vanities. I had imagined that the poets were wrong, were idealists, seeing the things that should be rather than the things that were, and then, suddenly"—he drew a deep breath—"*this* happiness; and to *me*. And the miracle, the wonderful is there—all at once—in my heart, in my very hand, like a mysterious, beautiful exotic. The poets *are* wrong," he added. "They have not been idealists enough. I wish—ah, well, never mind."

"What is that you wish?" she asked, as he broke off suddenly Laura knew even before she spoke that it would have been better not to have prompted him to continue Intuitively she had something more than a suspicion that he had led her on to say these very words. And, in admitting that she cared to have the conversation proceed upon this footing, she realized that she was sheering toward unequivocal coquetry. She saw the false move now, knew that she had lowered her guard. But Corthell stirred troublous, unknown deeps in her, certain undefined trends of recklessness; and for so long as he held her within his influence she could not forget her sex a single instant

It dismayed her to have this strange personality of hers, this other headstrong, impetuous self, discovered to her. She hardly recognized it. It made her a little afraid; and yet, wonder of wonders, she could not altogether dislike it. There was a certain fascination in resigning herself for little instants to the dominion of this daring stranger that was yet herself.

Meanwhile Corthell had answered her.

(Continued on Page 18)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The paid circulation of The Saturday Evening Post is 360,000 copies weekly.

¶ A man's weakest moment is when his vanity is best pleased.

¶ There is more truth than poetry in the modern magazine.

¶ Castles in the air are all right until we try to move into them.

¶ "Everything comes to the man who waits," but not while he waits.

¶ How few of those who can tell how you do anything have ever done anything!

¶ "The fool and his money are soon parted"—by the wise man who gets between them.

¶ There are more things in heaven and Pennsylvania, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

¶ Vegetarians may have the better of the argument, but the meat-eaters have the choice of the bill-of-fare.

¶ In one respect the trusts are almost safe. So much is printed about them that most people skip the pages.

¶ Great Britain is making once more the vital mistake of trying to settle the Irish question by putting Irishmen in jail.

¶ Where do flies and mosquitoes go in winter? is often asked. But why bother? The trouble is that they don't stay there.

¶ At last we have reached the time when there is such a thing as promotion in the diplomatic service. Thus one of the apparently hopeless hopes is realized.

¶ "Give me the man who sings at his work," says the humanitarian. Most people are perfectly willing that the humanitarian, or any other person who wants him, should have him

¶ Schools of commerce are in vogue, but there will never be anything much better than the old store which opened at daybreak and closed at bedtime. It trained as well as taught

¶ If King Edward, King Leopold and Emperor William really come over to the Olympian Games in 1904, we might arrange for a corner-stone-laying contest, open only to sovereigns.

¶ An occasional deprecatory but prelusive cough from out Colorado way indicates that General Funston could still be induced to make a few remarks upon current topics if the minatory finger of President Roosevelt were lowered for a few minutes.

Are Great Men Fatalists?

RECENTLY, when President Roosevelt was gently taken to task by a friend for rashly exposing himself to danger, the President replied that he did not foolishly court danger. "There is only one way to protect me," he is reported to have said. "Surround me with a couple of regiments of infantry, make them form a hollow square and keep the people five hundred feet away, and then——" The President, it is reported, did not finish his sentence, but doubtless he knew he could leave it to the imagination of his auditor to complete it. It is easy enough to fill in that blank. In the first place no American President would resort to such excessive and unwarranted precautions; in the second place, when one remembers how European rulers have been assassinated, protected as they are at all times by guards and detectives, the futility of trying to prevent a fanatic or madman from carrying out the design born in his warped brain is obvious.

People who think from accounts in the newpapers that President Roosevelt is rash or reckless do not know him. He is not rash, but rational. Because he is President he declines to become a hermit; partly because it is not in his nature, partly, perhaps, because he remembers the fable of the king's son whose death, an astrologer predicted, would be caused by a lion. To defy the prediction the king shut up his son in a castle. One day the young man, tired of his confinement, dashed his hand in the face of a painted lion Behind the lion was a rusty nail, which so injured the prince's hand that he died of blood-poisoning. Behold, a lion had caused his death! What Fate has willed man cannot defy

Yet the President does not recklessly court danger. To a friend not long ago talking about riding vicious horses he said very simply: "I would not ride such a horse; I never would have ridden that horse, and of course not now; it is not my business to tame wild horses; it is my business to be President." Yet, on the other hand, he would not imitate the example of the king of fable. Shortly after the accident at Pittsfield which came so near to ending his life, it was suggested to him that perhaps at the next city he visited he would prefer having two to four horses to his carriage. The President said he didn't care in the least how many horses he had; the committee could do as it liked. This was not bravado or assumed indifference. The President fully realized the peril in which he had been placed, and doubtless he also realized that the puny hand of man could not thwart the mightier hand of destiny.

One often wonders if great men are fatalists; or are they great simply because they think not of themselves, and know that their lives are controlled by a Power so infinitely wise that it would be folly for them to attempt to interfere in whatever their destiny may hold in store for them?

This Structure to be Torn Down

AS YOU go about the torn up and torn down New York of to-day you often come upon the sign: "This structure to be torn down by ——, dealer in second-hand building material." You look at the structure to which this notice of impending ruin is attached and you are astonished to find that it is an almost new church or residence or office-building or hotel or hospital. It is obviously good for half a century at least. You impulsively exclaim against such vandalism, such a senseless release of the spirit of destruction. But go to the owners and you find that they are doing precisely what you yourself would do under the same circumstances.

Real estate on Manhattan Island is enormously valuable and is heavily taxed. The residence and business centres have been shifting in the last fifteen years with even greater rapidity than formerly. And the owners of the buildings marked for destruction are simply acting upon a fundamental American rule—they are razing the structure that is neither useful nor profitable upon that site in order that they may put in its place a structure that will be both useful and profitable. Why leave a deserted church in a neighborhood of shops when it can be sold for money enough to build a fine church which people will attend? Why leave an abandoned residence to moulder in a business quarter? Why spare an office-building or hotel that now pays but one per cent. upon the site value when it can be replaced with a handsome and larger structure that will pay three or four per cent.?

In New York's swift demolition of the out-of-date there is merely a very conspicuous illustration of that passion for up-to-dateness which is so American, which is the cause of American progress, which is the secret of the ever-rising plans for the comfort and the intelligence of the American masses.

A European landowner or manufacturer, filled with the spirit of conservatism, the spirit of "good enough," and "it will do," and "don't destroy the old landmarks," clings to musty and rusty antiquities, hampers himself and his associates and neighbors, drags and makes them drag at the wheels of advance. The American has the judgment of his courage and the courage of his judgment. Is the new building, the new machine, the new method already improved into antiquity? Away with it! Replace it by the latest and best. Better one big item in the profit and loss account than steadily decreasing profits and wages and products, and steadily increasing losses through the triumphs of competitors.

Does this "irreverence" offend a super-æsthetic few? It is a pity they are so absorbed in raptures over European picturesqueness of the antique that they cannot see the European peasant bending under the weight of the past and groaning with its poison. Does this disrespect for hampering tradition proclaim us "new"? That is well. When did youth become a calamity and a reproach? May we ever be "new," looking at the problems of life with hopeful young eyes, confident that better, more beautiful, things lie in the future than past suns ever shone upon.

There are two kinds of stability—the stability of the ship rolling at its wharf; the stability of the ship, strong and steady, on its way through the midst of the sea.

America is all for the latter. It abhors barnacles and rust. And it combats monopolistic, socialistic tendencies most fiercely because, however adroitly disguised as private or public "communities of interest," they promote the stability of stagnation, blind the healthful eyes of competition, bribe brains and muscle to sloth, hold up the heavy hands of sluggard and incompetent, and discourage individual ambition and hope.

There should be reared in America no structure of any kind whatsoever which, when it has clearly outlived its use, can be saved by sentiment or interest or bulwarks of brainless hoodlebags

A Disappearing Boundary

IF YOU look at a map of North America you will see a heavy red line through the Great Lakes and along the forty-ninth parallel, marking the boundary between the United States and Canada. But if you look on the ground you will find that line blurred and almost indistinguishable. It is lost in the shadows of migrating myriads.

In the year 1900 there were living in the United States 1,185,225 natives of Canada, or about a quarter as many as were living in their own country. In other words, we had absorbed one-fifth of the total Canadian-born population of the continent. The number of Canadians in the United States far exceeds the total population of the great Northwestern Provinces of the Dominion, from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean, comprising two-thirds of the entire extent of that country.

But this is not all. The American Canada is growing twice as fast as the Canadian Canada. The population of the Dominion grew from 4,833,239 to 5,338,883 in the ten years between 1891 and 1901—an increase of 10.47 per cent. The Canadian-born population of the United States grew from 980,938 to 1,185,225 in the ten years between 1890 and 1900—an increase of 20.60 per cent. At these rates it is only a question of time when a majority of all living Canadians will be found south of the international boundary.

There are several States of the Union whose Canadian population even now exceeds that of several Canadian provinces. Massachusetts has 293,169 Canadians—Manitoba has only 246,464 inhabitants in all. There are 184,398 natives of Canada in Michigan, 217,515 in New York, 67,077 in Maine and 58,967 in New Hampshire, against a total population of 145,000 in the three provinces of Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan combined; 75,000 in the rest of the Northwest Territories, and 103,258 in Prince Edward Island.

The situation is still more remarkable when we look at the distribution of races. There are 395,427 French Canadians in the United States against about 1,500,000 for all Canada. There are 134,416 of them in Massachusetts alone, and 44,420 in New Hampshire. Either of those States has more French Canadians to the square mile than any province of the Dominion, bar none.

A counter current is now beginning to set in. The Canadian Northwest is filling up with American settlers. It is a thing that might have been seen to be inevitable from the moment when the rush for Oklahoma disclosed the avidity of American land-hunger and the scarcity of means to satisfy it. But that is not an influence counteracting the Canadian immigration to the United States—it is complementary. Both currents act together in blurring the international boundary.

At the present rate, before long half the inhabitants of Canada will be native Americans and half the native Canadians will be living in the United States. When this interfusion of people is complete the boundary will no longer represent any substantial reality.

It will not separate two nationalities; it will merely mark an administrative, or perhaps purely historical, division of the territory inhabited by a single people.

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Newspaper-Made Society

By JAMES L. FORD

IN THE wide discussion that has followed the most recent of many attacks on New York's "Four Hundred," it seems to me that the relation which Park Row bears toward that vaguely defined body has been entirely lost sight of. That is probably because very few of the many who have had their say from one end of the country to the other have any sort of comprehension of the important part that the fashionable society of New York has been made to play in the work of building up newspaper circulations

Time was—and not so many years ago, either—when the London society papers with their personal gossip and lists of guests at important functions were a source of wonder to the average American, and if we turn back to the printed accounts of the Prince of Wales ball given in New York a little more than forty years ago, we find that scarcely any names were mentioned except those of the city's guests and those citizens who attended in an official capacity. During the quarter of a century that succeeded that famous entertainment the growth of popular interest in the doings of society was very slow indeed Then society columns began to glisten, one after another, in the pages of the daily newspapers, until even the most dignified and conservative sheets did not disdain to inform their readers regarding the comings and goings and the griefs and woes of fashionable men and women.

It was not, however, until Mr. Ward McAllister's famous remark about the Four Hundred that New York society stepped into a secure niche in the interest of the American public; and shrewd newspaper proprietors were not slow to recognize the importance of the great rich vein of human interest that this chance observation had laid bare under their very feet. A society whose limitations had previously been nebulous in the extreme was now an acknowledged institution with its extent accurately determined. The idea of a caste consisting only of four hundred exalted persons took a strong hold on the public fancy and created a craving for more intimate knowledge that was almost instantly gratified in the shape of lists of the members of the Four Hundred published in daily and weekly newspapers. Straightway there grew up such a widespread desire to be included in these lists of the fortunately placed that new lists were constructed on a mendacious and mercenary basis, many of them containing from eight hundred to a thousand names, and including only those who were willing to pay for the privilege

But the idea of the Four Hundred had taken such a strong hold on the popular fancy that it easily outlived the many schemes that were concocted to degrade and drag it down from its high estate, and Park Row recognized its value as a circulation builder and set itself eagerly to the work of developing it to its uttermost capacity. And when we consider the fact that the fame of New York's Four Hundred has spread to the uttermost parts of the earth, and that there is not a hamlet in the whole land in which the names of its supposed leaders are not as familiarly known as are those of England's great nobles in her own villages, we are forced to admit that such astonishing results have never before sprung from one man's careless utterance.

The Four Hundred's Commercial Rating

Commercially speaking, the Four Hundred is an institution of vast importance in a newspaper office and the society editor a man of high consideration. I am not overstating the fact when I say that from ten to fifteen per cent. of the circulation of a New York newspaper would disappear if the society page were dropped, and with it would go also fully two-thirds of that large class of advertising which addresses itself especially to women

In other words, the press has created a graven image for popular worship and as the reverential rites can only be solemnized through its columns, this golden idol is rightly looked upon as one of its most valuable assets. And this genie having been released from its bottle, it has been found impossible to cork it up again, and the few democratic Americans that there are left in the country must accept it along with the other evils of the times

For some time after the recognition of the Four Hundred as one of the great news factors of the day, the press—or at least the better part of it—was content with fairly dignified descriptions of the comings and goings of men and women of acknowledged social standing. But with the beginning of the feverish, sensational age in which we now live, and with the thirst for personal gossip of the kind known in Park Row as "news" spreading over the country like a moral disease, the chronicles of well-bred society palled upon the public taste, and it was in an endeavor to gratify the demand for a more pungent seasoning that newspaper proprietors began to add to their society columns something of the rich flavor of romance. In short, having set up the graven image for popular worship, it was found necessary to decorate it in order that it might continue to attract the gaze of the people, and this decoration has been most effectually done in alternate streaks of gilt and slime, with the advantage in favor of the latter in point of variety of design and application

The good have been represented as better than they were and the faults of the bad have been shamelessly exaggerated. In the preparation of highly spiced society news, correspondents, egged on to keen rivalry by their employers, have exhausted their ingenuity in tales of the doings of high society If bridge whist becomes the fashion, it is of course played for enormous stakes; if a pet monkey is passed about for the amusement of the guests on a yacht, that monkey straightway looms up in the newspaper columns as a guest at dinner; if a young matron is known to have read a dozen books in the course of her life, she becomes a "woman of pronounced literary tastes," and if she talks very rapidly about a number of things that she does not understand, her name is blazoned forth as "one of the most brilliant women in society."

The Focus of the Lime-Light

Now Newport, which was in its day an exclusive and charming place of summer residence—and which for that matter still retains many of its old-time characteristics—has become in the eyes of Park Row the calcium point on the social stage on which are focused all the newspaper eyes of the country. No one can step into that great glowing disk of white light without being seen distinctly, usually in distorted form and richly variegated colors, from Florida to Alaska. And gamboling in that great white light are some of those grotesque creatures gathered from all parts of the country—and in most cases socially unknown in their own cities—who are held up to popular ridicule and execration as "members of New York's best society." Coupled with these are the hangers-on of one or two of New York's huge, gorgeous and indescribably vulgar hotels, whose corridors, by the way, are shunned by women of real position as if they were plague-infested.

Experienced New Yorkers have a keenly accurate sense of the social value represented in the human swarms that go buzzing about the restaurant tables and the men and women who seek in the fitful lime-light glare of Newport the social recognition which has been contemptuously denied them at home. They are no more to be fooled by such as these than they are by the "society women" who are torn from their homes by the charms of the "Florodora" sextette, or who are unearthed now and again by reticent press agents who have found them shrinking from public gaze in comic-opera chorus.

But the further we go from New York the more implicit we find popular faith in the printed accounts of the Four Hundred—which may account for the fact that the most acidulous attacks upon society always come from some point remote from the metropolis

These attacks are the inevitable result of the sort of advertising that the Four Hundred has received since the day when it sprang from the brain of Ward McAllister, but they are none the less regrettable. In these piping times of peace and general prosperity they may pass unnoticed save by the idle minded, but in hard times, when bread is dear and work scarce, it will not be good for the hungry to read about giving dinners to monkeys There was one cold, bitter winter in France shortly before the Revolution when even Marie Antoinette was made to understand that it was better not to make too great a show of luxury and extravagance before the people.

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The Priscilla Card Back.

Social card parties—very easily arranged and inexpensive—are most enjoyable to the guests and hostess.

Congress Playing Cards

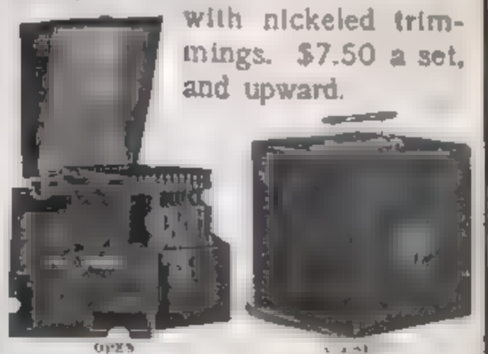
highly polished, thin, springy—contribute to perfect enjoyment. Gold edges. Dainty pictorial designs in many colors: George and Martha Washington, Napoleon and Josephine, Delft, and a great variety of others. Ask your dealer to show them to you.

The U. S. Playing Card Co.,
Dept. 10, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

64-page illustrated book, "Entertaining with Cards," sent for 4c. in stamps.

WHIST

Most enjoyable—learned in an evening from booklet, "Simple Whist." Sent for 2c. stamp. Duplicate Whist is especially enjoyable—luck eliminated—skill wins. Played with Paine's Whist Trays. Extra fine seal-pattern sets, in handsome case with nickeled trimmings. $7.50 a set, and upward.



Morocco-pattern Paine trays, $4.00 a set, and upward. Sold by dealers. $20 course of Whist lessons, free, with trays. Write for particulars.

The U. S. Playing Card Co.,
Department 38. Cincinnati, O.

The Florsheim SHOE

The Avon Blucher

Patent Kid For All Dress

Singular thing about a shoe—most men are ever suited at first glance. That's not the problem. Smart shoes are not always good *wearers* and good *fitters*. Three things certain. The Florsheim Shoe has style-character, correct anatomical fit, and enjoys long life—same as the made-to-order kind that costs you $8 to $12. The only difference is that more good shoes are made over the same last and The Florsheim Shoe costs $5 per pair everywhere.

Save money and get satisfaction if [illegible] the Florsheim Shoe habit. Find a dealer who has them, or write us for the NEW EDITION, "The Florsheim Way of Foot Fitting." FREE.

Florsheim & Co., Chicago

The Florsheim "WET DEFY" shoe—absolutely water proof—can be purchased of your dealer. $6.00 per pair.

Between the Lines

AT A NEAT little station on the West Shore Railroad, where the hills shut off the broad Hudson from the train, the passengers sometimes catch a glimpse of a bronzed and bearded man whose face, if one sees his luminous eyes, always attracts a second look. Dressed almost as plainly as those he would call his brother farmers there is nothing in the figure of John Burroughs to suggest the distinction of this inheritor of Thoreau's mantle. The rolling hills, marked out with vineyards, the grassy hollows where quaint farmhouses nestle, and the glimpses of ledges to the west crowned with trees, form a landscape which invites a naturalist's soul. Here, above the river, is Mr. Burrough's farm home. He is no dilettante farmer, but at times an actual sharer in the work. At other times he is to be found in a study, a rustic cabin up among the hills which has witnessed the growth of many delicious Nature studies. He, at least, is a writer living among environments well adapted to his nature. John Burroughs in a New York apartment house would be an anomaly. In this picturesquely varied country, with the blue line of the Catskills to the north and the beautiful river below, the poet-naturalist is at home.

Many miles down the Hudson, in the suburbs of Englewood, a little above New York, lives another naturalist, Frank M. Chapman, scientist and man of letters, whose home, practically in the country, enables him to call the birds about him in his walks, and to plan cunning photographic devices whereby the most timid of them are surprised at unexpected moments. Many miles to the eastward, at Coscob, Connecticut, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton has established a country home which may fairly be called an estate. Here the writer and artist seeks to penetrate the secrets of his animal friends. From their psychology to their footprints nothing is foreign to him, and in the quiet of his delightful country place he makes the observations and the sketches which have taught so many readers the virtue of the seeing eye, backed by a fund of knowledge.

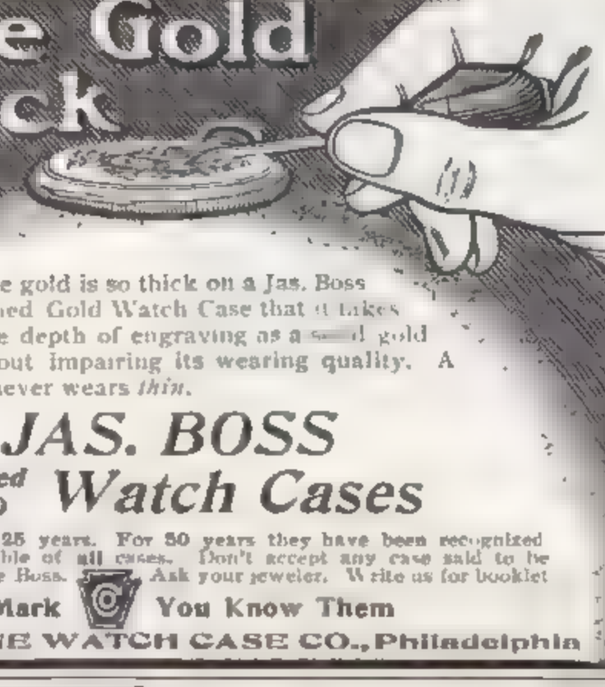
Back-Yard Botany

A naturalist's selection of a country home explains itself, but there are larger opportunities in the metropolis than is generally known. The migrations of birds as observed from the Statue of Liberty afford an interesting field of study, and there is another in the varieties of birds found at different seasons in Central Park. Not infrequently an anaconda or python escapes from some downtown dealer, in one case to be found stiffened with cold in the gutter—an impressive example for the bibulous—and in another to take possession of a cellar and hold it against all comers. The half-wild Texas cattle which have broken away and ravaged Harlem occasionally were really much more formidable than the infant panther which caused a great pother in the Bronx until it was lured back to the Zoo and its saucer of milk. On the roof of a downtown tenement house there was an imitation garden covered with netting and tenanted by quail. The botanist, too, has his opportunities, witness Mr. Skinner's Nature in a City Back Yard, which exhibits an astonishing variety of natural plant life in the very heart of a city, whereas art in a city back yard has been recently illustrated in the throwing together of a number of adjacent yards, and the rehabitation of the whole tract as a sumptuous garden. The naturalist-author is not without his material even in New York.

The Flight from Town

Since the novelist's *métier* is the study of men one might expect to find him always a man of the town, but many of our novelists, like their English confrères, are betaking themselves to the country. There is Mr. Booth Tarkington, for example, whose new novel is one of the features of the autumn lists. Mr. Tarkington's home was in a spacious detached house on one of the broad level avenues of Indianapolis, which certainly represented retirement as compared with New York. But this charming novelist's new home is described as a farm. It is, to be sure, not remote from the town, but it represents withdrawal and a rusticity which has led one irreverent commentator to couple the author's name with doughnuts—an association ill-befitting the author of Monsieur Beaucaire. Possibly the jibes of the New York satirist were due to the exaltation of Indiana as a literary centre which has been indulged in by Indianapolis

Where Gold Is Thick



The gold is so thick on a Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Watch Case that it takes the same depth of engraving as a solid gold case, without impairing its wearing quality. A Boss Case never wears *thin*.

JAS. BOSS
Stiffened GOLD Watch Cases

Are guaranteed for 25 years. For 50 years they have been recognized as the most serviceable of all cases. Don't accept any case said to be "just as good" as the Boss. Ask your jeweler. Write us for booklet.

By This Mark You Know Them

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO., Philadelphia

Money at Interest

INTEREST is a silent partner that works for you day and night, all the year round. You may fall sick, work may get slack, accidents may happen, but if you have money at interest you have an assured income and the principal is always ready if you need it.

The Peoples Savings Bank allows four per cent. annual interest, compounded every six months, and accepts deposits in any amount by mail, from one dollar up.

If you have money lying idle, or invested in any way that does not yield you four per cent. return, we trust that you will feel perfectly free to take advantage of the facilities offered by this institution.

Our Booklet "Banking by Mail" sent for a
If you mention The Saturday Evening Post.

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
PITTSBURG, PA.

Order by Mail

By our system measures can be taken by anyone. We tell you how. Impossible to make a mistake.

Every garment is cut and made in any style desired by skilled workmen in our own shops, and is guaranteed to be

Made to Order

We also guarantee our clothes to be correct in style, material, fit and finish, and will refund your money if you are not perfectly satisfied.

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for colleges, schools, societies, etc. No middleman's profit—the manufactory to wearer.

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In Silver Plate, $1.00 per dozen. A Sample, 10c
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All work guaranteed, special designs and estimates gladly furnished.

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The Train of Rapid Travelers

In the Pennsylvania Special running daily between New York and Chicago in twenty hours. It combines speed with absolute security and every comfort. Its equipment is as perfect as can be procured. The observation car is a special feature.

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY

STRAIGHT BACK

THE NEW KIND

STRONG DURABLE

COSTS NO MORE THAN OTHERS

"On Approval"

We ship every trunk [illegible] to any one anywhere

Our Factory Prices [illegible] than others

In Any Common Trunk in addition [illegible] improved features

THE HOWE TRUNK MFG. CO. Toledo, Ohio

Backgrounds for Home Photography

They give just the finish necessary to make home photography a success—you will be delighted with the results.

Special 4 x 5 ft. headground $1.50
Special 5 x 6 ft. scenic background, $2.00

We have unsurpassed facilities for developing and printing. Send films by mail. Prompt, satisfactory service assured.

For developing rolls Nos. 1 to 2, 15c
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Catalogue of Photographs, Supplies sent free.

W. HOWARD MORRISON
118 Sixth St. Pittsburg, Pa.

New Construction

Rattan Chair

[illegible] will last a life time [illegible] or without tuckers.

Anything in Rattan to order [illegible] House Trunks, Divans, etc.

RATTAN NOVELTY COMPANY
131 East South Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

WILL YOU TRY IT?

There are twenty reasons why the

EZYBED KAPOK RESILIENT MATTRESS

is superior to any other. The chief reason is that it is the only perfectly hygienic mattress made. Will you try it 30 nights free at our expense? Send for book and trial offer.

THE A. A. BOHNERT CO., Dept. M, Cincinnati, Ohio

Malta-Vita

"THE PERFECT FOOD"

Pure, Palatable, Popular

Millions are eating MALTA-VITA, the perfect food.

TASTES GOOD—BECAUSE IT IS GOOD

MALTA-VITA is the original and only *perfectly cooked, thoroughly malted, flaked, and toasted whole wheat food.*

Insist on getting **MALTA-VITA**, the perfect food, needs no cooking, always ready to eat. Relished by old and young, sick or well.

Sold by grocers

MALTA-VITA PURE FOOD CO.
Battle Creek, Mich. Toronto, Canada

Looping the Loop

of the fleece to the body of the material is what makes Wright's Health Underwear lighter, yet warmer, than any other underwear. These many little loops form a Fleece of Comfort that gives ease to the skin and protection to the whole body. They take up all excretions, maintain perfect ventilation, retain the heat of the body, exclude the outside cold and damp

WRIGHT'S Health Underwear

is not expensive — costs no more than good underwear should — some as low as $1 a garment. Anybody can afford to wear it. Book, "DRESSING FOR HEALTH," free.

WRIGHT'S
Health Underwear Co.
75 Franklin St.,
New York

Pears'

soap in stick form; convenience and economy in shaving.

It is the best and cheapest shaving soap.

Sold all over the world.

WE WANT LADIES

Everywhere to sell our Beautiful
PETTICOATS AND SOLID COMFORT WALKING SKIRTS
Exclusive territory.
Write for catalogue and particulars.
Paris Skirt Co., 126 Viaduct, Cleveland, O.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

and Announcements Printed and Engraved. Latest Styles. *Monogram Stationery.* Best work. 100 Visiting Cards, Samples and Valuable Booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," free. J. W. COCKBURN, 522 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

journalists. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and it may continue so long as Mr. Tarkington's rustic retreat sends out more examples of his delightful story-telling art

Rusticity is as distinct from suburbanism as the farm from the pocket-handkerchief garden, but many of the New York writers can claim only a commuter's kinship with Nature. Up beyond the Bronx country and the Zoological Park in which New Yorkers are beginning to take a vague pride is one of the most picturesque of all suburban settlements—Lawrence Park. The railroad leaves the visitor in the shadow of a cliff covered with trees which represent generations, and not last year's purchases. At first sight entrance seems as difficult as the path to the Doone Valley in Blackmore's tale, but a road winds in and upward under the cliff, and the visitor climbs a series of natural terraces which form a twentieth century cliff-dwelling. Almost in the centre, with a slight air of dominating the environments which is entirely befitting, is a white colonial house, the home of the loved and honored poet and critic, E. C. Stedman. Another house is the home of Mrs. E. B. Custer, whose Boots and Saddles lives in the memory of readers, and Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins, litterateur, and Mr. W. T. Smedley, illustrator of the passing social show, are among the near-by dwellers in a community which has a character of its own. Over at New Rochelle, in a house hung with Indian curios and rich in trophies of Western hunts, lives Frederic Remington, artist and author, whose Waif of the Plains is among the autumn books. Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley, author of an autumn novel, dwells in Staten Island, where genuine "mansions" and estates distinguished in a former generation look down on the trolleys and the gathering together of modern cottages. But, again, the suburban is not the rural, and doubtless many writers will envy Mr. Tarkington his farm.

Nevertheless, even suburbanism is not for the novelist of New York. W. H. Bishop and the late George Parsons Lathrop essayed novels of New York with indifferent success Bunner knew certain phases, preferably old New York. Matthews has proved his ability in his longer stories and a greater convincing power in his vignettes. Mrs. Harrison has written out of much knowledge, but the force of the human comedy as she shows it is but indifferently felt.

What will the newer writers do with the newer material offered by steel millionaires, and symbolized possibly in the oft-quoted Waldorf-Astoria? There he who runs may read a tale of the most extraordinary and diverse human medleys afforded by the town. Some of it is pictured in The Spenders, an uneven story mentioned simply as an illustration of the newer fiction of a metropolis which lends itself to the fiction of glimpse and detail, but not to the fiction which seeks a generalized whole. —*J. W.*

An International Novel

MR. BRAM STOKER'S latest story, The Mystery of the Sea *(Doubleday, Page & Co.)*, is an interesting nightmare, not so full of grisly horror as is Dracula, but with enough of the supernatural flitting through it to keep a reader's hair lifting. There is a remarkable hero in it who tells the tale, a young Englishman gifted with second sight and a wonderful command of his nerves—a man who, impelled by nothing but "curiosity," carries a corpse on his back along a beach at midnight, with the dead man's ghost keeping step at his side, a long procession of other spooks ahead of him, and an old Scotch witch with a bitter tongue and huge jealousy of the hero's gifts looking back into his eyes to see what she could see—or rather, try to see what he could see

Besides the hero and the girl there are in this story a hidden cave with a treasure, the secret of which is a Spanish family's trust from the time of the Armada; a cryptogram telling the secret, lost to the family a long time back and found by the hero, who deciphers it; a kidnaping gang who get the treasure away from the hero and lose it in shipwreck at the same time that he gets the girl away from them and a Spanish gentleman who, as the last survivor of the family, seems to have the best right to the find, but, being on the unpopular side is consistently removed from the scene

The plot is finely conceived and well put together. The style is good, as a whole, but in places is marred by hurried writing What are we to think of these sentences: "I found my eyes *follow* them"; "I was growing eager *to* the coming time"?

—*Morgan Robertson.*

Health and a Good Figure

Beauty

Fifteen minutes a day is no tax on any person's time or patience, and for it you can acquire [illegible] fine color, bright eyes—happiness. **I know woman's needs and troubles** through 12 years' experience in helping them. **I have yet to find one whom I cannot benefit.** I undertook my work by mail because I succeeded so well in personal work, and the benefits which my pupils have received have been more and greater than I ever dared to hope

I do not THINK I can give you these priceless gifts. I KNOW I have given them to 5000 women by teaching them the simple laws of Nature. Give me 15 minutes of your time each day and I will give you [illegible] freely for my offering, but make your [illegible] work a pleasure. I will make your pleasure perfect. I will give **you individually** exactly what **you need to build up, fill out or reduce** your figure to graceful, symmetrical proportions and assure you a fine carriage. I will give you poise—mental, moral, vital—perfect self-possession, clear brain, quick perception, winning manner. These are the gifts of perfect health and perfect knowledge of yourself.

The following extracts are from letters from my pupils on my desk as I write.

"I am not nearly so **nervous.** My chest expansion is four inches and the best of all, I am gaining in weight."

"My **height is increased** a **good inch.** My hip measurement has reduced from 44 to 36 inches.

"It seems wonderful that the exercises could have helped me so much in a short time—the exercises for the **eyes** are so good, as are all your other exercises.

My husband, who has been away for six weeks, was surprised and delighted over my **reduction** and my **improved figure.**"

"I **never felt or looked as well as at the present time.** I have not had an attack of **indigestion** and not one **headache** in six weeks, and compared with the previous weeks it is a miracle."

"I feel better in every way—**lighter, brighter** and a **desire to live.** My **nerves** are better and my general health [illegible]. My **carriage** is very materially better

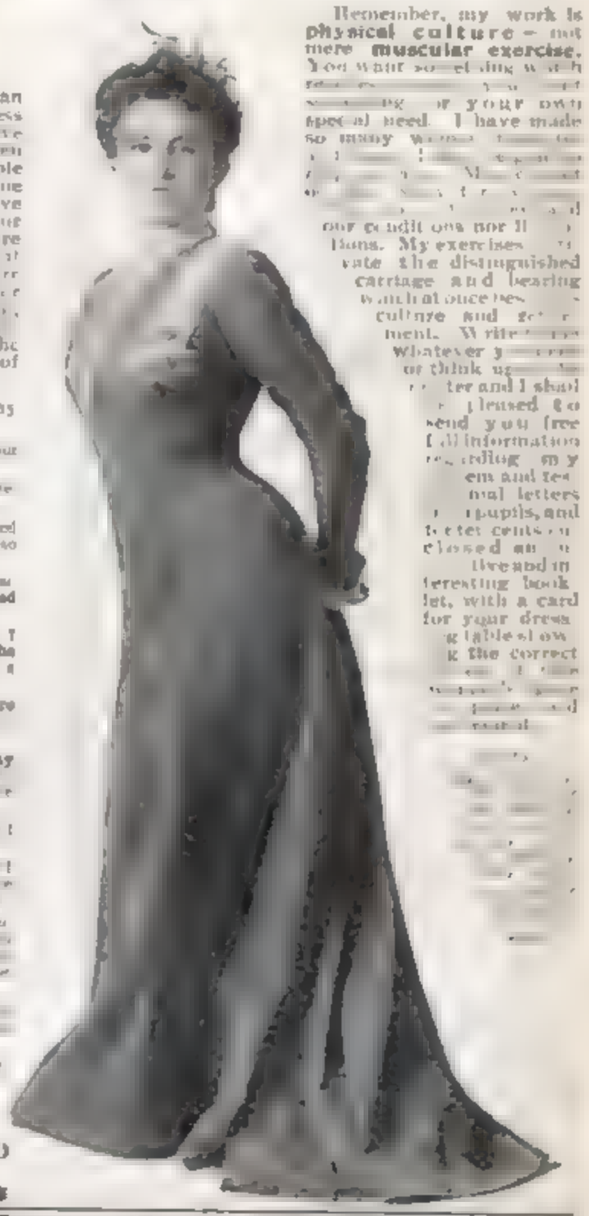
Since I began [illegible] I have increased my **chest expansion** 3 inches [illegible] my **bust measurement** [illegible] lengthened my front waist line 3 inches.

[illegible] deep breathing [illegible] skin a new life and color [illegible]

Never [illegible] life have I been as well as I am now [illegible] you. My sister, who has [illegible] was surprised at my [illegible] the glory of the present revival of physical [illegible] through preparation for your work and surely give you a worthy success

Yours for a body expressing perfect health, perfect grace and perfect womanhood.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 11, 57 Washington Street, CHICAGO



Remember, my work is **physical culture**—not mere **muscular exercise.** You want something with [illegible] of your own special need. I have made so many [illegible] our condition nor [illegible] tions. My exercises [illegible] vate the distinguished carriage and bearing which at once [illegible] culture and [illegible] ment. Write [illegible] whatever [illegible] or think [illegible] ter and I shall [illegible] pleased to send you free full information regarding my [illegible] em and testimonial letters [illegible] pupils, and [illegible] letter centers [illegible] closed an [illegible] tive and interesting booklet, with a card for your dressing table showing the correct [illegible]

PANHARD RENAULT

A French automobile completely constructed in this country under American machine shop methods.

The exact reproduction of its French prototype.

Fitted with the King of Belgium aluminum body.

The acme of perfection in automobile construction.

Price, $5,500

SMITH & MABLEY
Sole Distributers
513-515 Seventh Avenue New York
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The "Regal Test"

Our new booklet explains how to make sure before you buy, that you are getting Genuine Oak Soles and what kind of Sole leather you are paying for, also will keep you posted on Correct Shoe Styles.

The Regal Shoe
762 Summer St, Boston.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.00

Sizes and Prices	
9 by 6 ft.	$3.00
9 by 7½ ft.	3.50
9 by 9 ft.	4.00
9 by 10½ ft.	4.50
9 by 12 ft.	5.00

[illegible] will have the look, feel and wear of more serviceable than more costly carpets. Sent to express [illegible]

Your money back if you want it [illegible]

Oriental Importing Co., 607 Bourse Building, Philadelphia

Spencerian Steel Pens

They ARE THE BEST in the Essential qualities of

Durability, Evenness of Point, and Workmanship.

Sample Card (12 Pens.) different Patterns, will be sent postpaid, on receipt of 6 cents in Stamps

Spencerian Pen Co.,
349 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A Whole Year for 25 Cents

Some of the prettiest covers. All printed in three colors.

For a limited [illegible] a whole year's [illegible] tion to

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Superb Engravings, Splendid Stories, Great Illustrations. Beautifully printed, beautifully illustrated, the best family magazine published. Standard magazine size. Artistically engraved cover designs in three colors. As a special inducement to double the circulation you can have "Redfield's" sent to your address every month for a whole year by sending the small sum of 25c for a Whole Year's Subscription to

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IN WONDERLAND
SAW
NOTHING
MORE
FAIRY LIKE
THAN
NABISCO
Sugar Wafers
EACH ONE
AS IT MELTS
IN THE MOUTH
CARRIES YOU
OFF
TO PLEASURE LAND
Made in many flavors
NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY

READY, START!

An Athletic Event

You want, everybody wants, brain and muscle, wind and stamina, and can get them if fed properly. This is an athletic age. The man or woman who is weak or sickly, is not in the race; success socially or in business goes only to the strong and healthy. It is largely a matter of choice with any one for proper living, and proper food will bring the prize

An athlete in Chicago tells of the good results he obtained from proper food; he says:—"Last Spring I began to train hard to become an athlete on track events and to grow stronger. I now know that what strength and victories I have secured is due to the use of Grape-Nuts. When in training for an athletic meet, I would just live on Grape-Nuts alone for three days before the event was to come off. During this time I have won six championship races out of two athletic meets. In a 300 yard run my time was 35 seconds and in the 75 yard dash the time was 9 seconds, both being a good record

Grape-Nuts has given me a stronger mind and also bodily strength which no other food could have done in so short a time. I have gained strength in a most remarkable way since using Grape-Nuts.

Members of our foot ball team have a training table on which may be found first of all the 'athlete's favorite food, Grape-Nuts.'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

BROWN'S FAMOUS PICTURES

Reproductions of famous paintings by old and modern masters.
2 000 subjects in Black and White
Size 5½ x 8.
One Cent Each
120 for $1.00
Large Photogravures and Carbonprints, 5 cents each.
32-page illustrated catalogue and 2 sample pictures for two-cent stamp.
GEO. P. BROWN & CO.
Beverly, Mass.

Truck Gardens Under Glass

By RENÉ BACHE

THE forcing of garden vegetables under glass for winter use is a rapidly developing industry in this country, and has already attained such proportions that well to-do people have no difficulty in obtaining fresh tomatoes, fresh egg-plants, fresh lettuce, fresh celery, and other such luxuries all the year round. But the latest and most interesting departure in this line is the raising of green corn in hothouses.

Hitherto nobody seems to have thought of trying to force sweet corn, and the "season" of that highly desirable vegetable has been restricted to the period of natural production. But it is a certainty that, before long, juicy roasting ears will be obtainable in winter and spring alike, if one cares to pay for them. Experts attached to the New Hampshire Agricultural Experimental Station have been putting the question to a test, and they find that corn can be grown in hothouses to great advantage, and very profitably, under conditions such as are suitable to lettuce or tomatoes.

Sweet corn ordinarily does not appear on the market until about July 1 and this, even in spring, there is a long season during which the greenhouse grower would meet no competition. In early July the usual price is fifty to sixty cents a dozen ears—which gives a notion of the profit to be expected. In order to be remunerative, however, the crop should be ready for sale before July, at which time the Southern product begins to arrive in Northern cities

The greenhouse commonly used for lettuce and cucumbers answers very well for corn, with ground-floor beds and plenty of room overhead for the tall stalks. A temperature of seventy five degrees or higher during the day, and not below sixty at night, is desirable, and there must be plenty of sunlight, the glass needing no shading. Time is gained by soaking the seeds before planting, as in this way they germinate more quickly.

Sweet corn grown under glass readily fertilizes itself, but, to insure perfect pollination, one can go over a house in a short time by simply cutting a tassel here and there, and dusting it upon the silk. In about eighty-eight days after planting the ears are ready to be picked; but it is believed that the crop may be harvested in a much shorter period by keeping the temperature higher. The only pests to contend with are rats and mice, which dig up the seed and eat the ears. These must be destroyed before planting is begun

Melons for the Midwinter Market

Another notable horticultural novelty is the forcing of melons for the midwinter market. As yet this business has made only a beginning, such knowledge as exists on the subject being derived chiefly from recent experiments at the Cornell University. Melons are often produced in May and June from seed sown in January, but it was formerly supposed to be impossible to secure good ones in December, January and February. The solution of the problem was reached only after six years of persistent effort, and it consists in meeting the following requirements, viz: plenty of heat all the time, falling not below seventy at night; a soil containing plenty of mineral elements, and selection of proper varieties. The plants must never be checked, even from the moment the seeds germinate, by insects, low temperature or any other cause

A house adapted to the growing of cucumbers and tomatoes is all right for melons. But the first requisite is high temperature, and it must not be allowed to fall even in the coldest weather. The vines should be grown on benches, with room enough above to train them on strings to a height of five or six feet. Plenty of water must be supplied, and the soil ought to be extremely rich. Sow the seeds in pots and transplant them to the benches later.

The sexes in melons are in separate flowers on the same plant, the female blossom being always distinguishable by the fact that there is a tiny melon (the seed vessel) just below the petals. It is necessary to fertilize the female flowers by hand, and this is accomplished quite easily by dusting them with pollen from the male blossoms.

In the North, lettuce is grown in hothouses for the winter market, but in the South it can be raised quite as well in cold frames under glass sashes. Thus the up-to-date gardener

This is Your Opportunity!

LYON & HEALY'S New Building and Alteration Sale of

400 PIANOS

The new building adjoining our present warerooms is [illegible] space with our present salesrooms, alterations of the most far-reaching character [illegible] necessary. Rather than [illegible] heavy walls are being torn down, etc., we offer **400 PIANOS AT SPECIAL CLEARING SALE PRICES.** The following will convey an idea of the exceptional value [illegible] at this sale

NEW PIANOS

Next mahogany and walnut finished uprights, fancy panels, with modern attachments, reduced to $125. Attractive and durable, sweet-toned uprights, well-made action, made to retail at much higher figure, $135. Beautiful instruments, with elaborately carved panels. Boston rolling fall-board, mahogany and quartered oak cases, would ornament any apartment, $150. Cabinet grand uprights of reliable Eastern make, fully guaranteed, in artistically designed mahogany and oak cases, $190. [illegible] $225. Also choice of **ONE HUNDRED SLIGHTLY USED** and second-hand pianos, including Steinway, Knabe, Krakauer, Fischer, Sterling and other famous makes. Write for special bargain list and also cost of freight on pianos. We ship pianos everywhere. Every piano fully [illegible]

LYON & HEALY, 41 Adams St., CHICAGO

The business of Lyon & Healy largely exceeds in volume and value that of any other musical establishment in either Europe or America.

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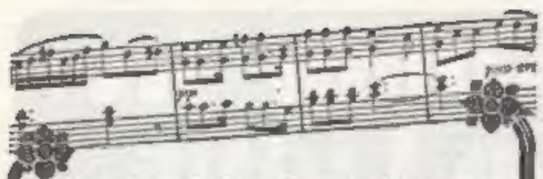
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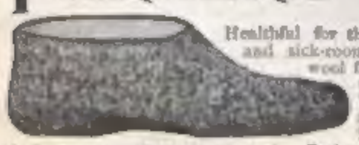

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in Dixie Land gets his lettuce ready for sale by the Christmas holidays, after which he sets out eggplants or cucumbers under the sashes, bringing them to ripeness at a time when they will command good prices. In the same way strawberry plants are protected by covering them with glass about the first of March, and the resulting fruit goes to market far ahead of the open-air crop.

The cauliflower, which hitherto has scarcely been known as a winter vegetable outside of the establishments of wealthy persons who employ gardeners, is now beginning to be raised under glass on a commercial scale. Again in this case the knowledge-producing experiments were performed by the experts at the Cornell Experiment Station. It was found that seeds sown August 24 yielded ripe and marketable cauliflowers by the middle of January—that is to say, in four and a half months. A second crop sown October 21 yielded results by the end of March.

Summer Uses for Hothouses

Winter cauliflowers, like all forced crops, should be harvested when small, for at that season vegetables of medium or even small size sell for nearly or quite as much as large ones, and the cost of raising them is decidedly less. Cauliflower heads four inches in diameter are big enough for January and will readily bring twenty cents apiece.

Forcing houses are usually cleaned out and permitted to lie idle during the summer, when vegetables and flowers can be grown just as well out of doors, but recent experiments made at the New Hampshire Experiment Station seem to show that establishments of the kind might be employed to advantage during the warm season of the year for producing certain tropical and other fruits and vegetables. Tomatoes were grown in this way and sold in July very profitably, outdoor tomatoes being not yet on the market. Eggplants and peppers proved equally satisfactory, while pole beans did famously.

The value of glass houses in connection with most agricultural pursuits is just beginning to be appreciated, adding as they do to the annual earnings of many a gardener and farmer who has leisure time in winter to devote to the forcing of vegetables and fruits. Incidentally, the employment afforded for cold weather and rainy days is delightful. Women are able to lend a good deal of help, too, the work being so light.

Professor Galloway, of the Department of Agriculture, estimates that 1000 establishments in this country are now engaged in forcing winter vegetables. No less than 40,000 acres of glass are devoted to the purpose in the neighborhood of Boston alone, and the total retail value of the products, for the whole United States, is $4,500,000 annually.

An Unofficial Address

THE official residence of the President of Princeton University is an old stone mansion called Prospect. When the new President, Professor Woodrow Wilson, who will be inaugurated October 25, was elected last June he lived in a street, inhabited by many other professors, called Library Place. Among the notes of congratulation he received the next morning was one from his fellow-townsman, Mr. Laurence Hutton. The envelope bore this address: "To Professor Woodrow Wilson, Library Place—with a better place in Prospect."

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THE PIT

(*Continued from Page 11*)

"I wish" he said—"I *wish* you could say something—I hardly know what—something to me. So little would be so much."

"But what *can* I say?" she protested. "I don't know—I—what *can* I say?"

"It must be yes or no for me," he broke out. "I can't go on this way."

"But why not? Why not?" exclaimed Laura. "Why must we—terminate anything? Why not let things go on just as they are? We are quite happy as we are. There's never been a time of my life when I've been happier than this last three or four months. I don't want to change anything. Ah, here we are."

The hansom drew up in front of the house. Aunt Wess' and Page were already inside. The maid stood in the vestibule in the light that streamed from the half-open front door, an umbrella in her hand. And as Laura alighted she heard Page's voice calling from the front hall that the others had umbrellas, that the maid was not to wait.

The hansom splashed away, and Corthell and Laura mounted the steps to the vestibule.

"Won't you come in?" she said. "There is a fire in the library."

But he said no, and for a few seconds they stood under the vestibule light, talking. Then Corthell, drawing off his glove, said:

"I suppose that I have my answer. You do not wish for a change. I understand. You wish to say by that, that you do not love me. If you did love me as I love you, you would wish for just that—a change. You would be as eager as I for that wonderful, wonderful change that makes a new heaven and a new earth."

This time Laura did not answer. There was a moment's silence. Then Corthell said:

"Do you know, I think I shall go away."

"Go away?"

"Yes, to New York. Possibly to Paris. There is a new method of fusing glass that I've promised myself long ago I would look into. I don't know that it interests me much now, but I think I had better go. At once, within the week. I've not much heart in it; but it seems—under the circumstances—to be appropriate." He held out his bared hand. Laura saw that he was smiling.

"Well, Miss Dearborn—good-by."

"But *why* should you go?" she cried distressfully. "How perfectly—ah, don't go," she exclaimed, then in desperate haste added: "It would be absolutely foolish."

"*Shall* I stay?" he urged. "Do *you* tell me to stay?"

"Of course I do," she answered. "It would break up the play—your going. It would spoil my part. You play opposite me, you know. Please stay."

"Shall I stay," he asked, "for the sake of your part? There is no one else you would rather have?" He was smiling straight into her eyes, and she guessed what he meant.

She smiled back at him, and the spirit of daring, never more awake in her, replied, as she caught his eye:

"There is no one else I would rather have."

Corthell caught her hand of a sudden.

"Laura," he cried, "let us end this fencing and quibbling once and for all. Dear, dear girl, I *love* you with all the strength of all the good in me. Let me be the best a man can be to the woman he loves—let me be your husband."

Laura flashed a smile at him.

"If you can make me love you enough," she answered.

"And you think I can?" he exclaimed.

"You have my permission to try," she said.

She hoped fervently that now, without further words, he would leave her. Not that she wished to be rid of him, but that would be the most delicate chivalry on his part—having won thus much—to push his advantage no further. She waited anxiously for his next words. She began to fear that she had trusted too much upon her assurance of his tact.

Corthell held out his hand again.

"It is good-night, then, not good-by."

"It is good-night," said Laura.

With the words he was gone, and Laura, entering the house, shut the door behind her with a long breath of satisfaction.

Page and Landry were still in the library. Laura joined them, and for a few moments the three stood before the fireplace talking about the play. Page at length, at the first opportunity, excused herself and went to bed. She made a great show of leaving Landry and Laura alone, and managed to convey the impression that she understood they were anxious to be rid of her.

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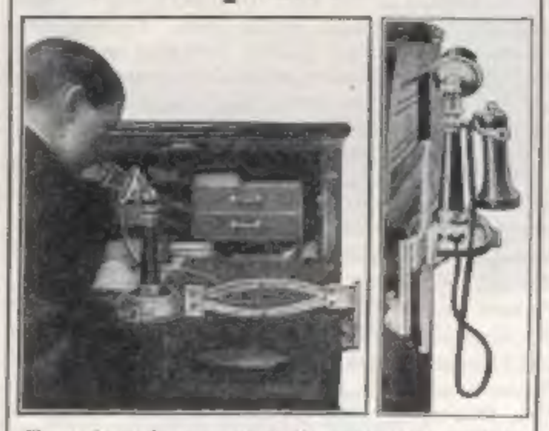

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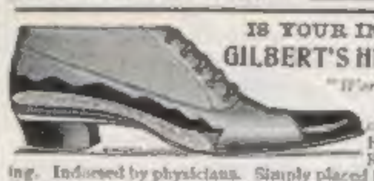

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"Only remember," she remarked to Laura severely, "to lock up and turn out the hall gas. Annie has gone to bed *long* ago."

"I must dash along, too," declared Landry when Page was gone.

He buttoned his coat about his neck, and Laura followed him out into the hall and found an umbrella for him.

"You were beautiful to-night," he said as he stood with his hand on the door-knob, "beautiful. I could not keep my eyes off of you, and I could not listen to anybody but you. And now," he declared solemnly, "I will see your eyes and hear your voice all the rest of the night. I want to explain," he added, "about those hansoms—about coming home with Miss Page and Mrs. Wessels. Mr. Corbell—those were *his* hansoms, of course. But I wanted an umbrella, and I gave the driver seventy-five cents."

"Why, of course, of course," said Laura, not quite divining what he was driving at.

"I don't want you to think that I would be willing to put myself under obligations to anybody."

"Of course, Landry, I understand."

He thrilled at once.

"Ah," he cried, "you don't know what it *means* to me to look into the eyes of a woman who really understands."

Laura stared, wondering just what she had said.

"Will you turn this hall light out for me, Landry?" she asked. "I never can reach."

He left the front door open and extinguished the jet in its dull red globe. Promptly they were involved in darkness. "Good-night," she said. "Isn't it dark?"

He stretched out his hand to take hers, but instead his groping fingers touched her waist. Suddenly Laura felt his arm clasp her. Then all at once, before she had time so much as to think of resistance, he had put both arms about her and kissed her squarely on her cheek.

Then the front door closed, and she was left abruptly alone, breathless, stunned, staring wide-eyed into the darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Clover from Egypt

SEEDS of a wonderful plant called "berseem" have been brought to this country from Egypt by the Department of Agriculture, and efforts will probably be made to introduce it in regions of the United States to which it is adapted. It is otherwise known as "Egyptian clover," being nearly related to ordinary clover.

Berseem is likely to be specially valuable to the irrigated and orchard lands of California and Texas, and it is thought that the Colorado Desert, with its rich soil and abundance of water obtainable by irrigation, would furnish an ideal place for a trial of the plant. Its yield of seed is much heavier than that of clover, and it develops at a marvelous rate, outgrowing most weeds and actually killing out the latter. Dr. David G. Fairchild, agricultural explorer for the Department, says that while Egypt's great money-making crop is cotton, the foundation of her prosperity rests upon the berseem.

Doctor Fairchild says that there are few countries in the world to-day where agriculture pays better than it does in Egypt, though the methods of plowing and seeding practiced by the people have scarcely changed at all in thirty centuries. A million acres of berseem are grown in the valley of the Nile, where it affords a conspicuous feature of the most beautiful crop checker-board to be seen anywhere on earth. Its white flowering heads present a lovely spectacle when adorning extensive areas, and one learns that not only farm animals but the Fellaheen themselves eat it.

Though the origin of the plant is unknown, it seems to have been introduced into Egypt in comparatively recent times, no representation of it being found on any of the ancient monuments. To-day all the cattle are fed on it, as well as the camels and donkeys, and in the cities every cabman has a sack of it under his feet with which to feed his horse. In early morning all the avenues leading to the city of Cairo are lined with long files of camels and asses half hidden under their loads of the green forage.

The hollow stems of the berseem are very succulent, and the whole plant is decidedly more delicate than either clover or alfalfa. Once introduced into the United States it would probably be a great success, in some regions of the country at all events, and would prove an important addition to our agricultural products.

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